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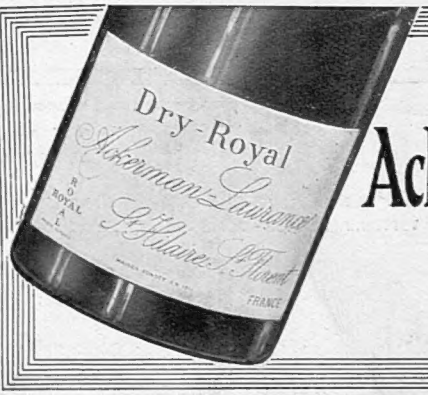

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Art Literature & the Drama.

No. 431.—Vol. XXXIII. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, March 6, 1912 [Price 6d. By Post, 6½d.

READING
VERSUS
MANCHESTER U.
RESULT
Evening News

EVENING TIMES
TEST
MATCH
RESULT
EVENING TIMES

STAR
MISS
GABRIELLE
RAY
MARRIED
The Star

AUTHOR'S
AMUSING
TRICK ON
CENSOR
PALL MALL
GAZETTE
LUNCH EDITION

JOHN BULL
Edited by HORATIO BOTTOMLEY
WE CLOSE
THE
"ABODE
OF LOVE"

BROKERS
WIN
STOCK EXCHANGE
GREAT FIGHT
PALL MALL
GAZETTE
EXTRA LATE EDITION

"IS MY NAME JOHN BULL OR TOM FOOL?"

"The papers tell me that I'm in the throes of the greatest national calamity since the Spanish Armada. Am I? Then what in heaven do they mean by plastering my streets with placards like these, when a national coal strike is bringing my whole existence to a standstill?"

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PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

THE OPEN VALLEY. By Helen H. Watson. (Cassell: 6s.)
THE RUBY HEART OF KISHGAR. By A. W. Marchmont. (Hodder and Stoughton: 6s.)
THE ROOM IN THE TOWER. By E. F. Benson. (Mills and Boon: 6s.)

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BYSTANDER COMMENTS

ON VARIOUS TOPICS

OF THE TIMES

"The World's mine oyster
Which I with PEN will open"
—PISTOL (*modified*)

Coal Strike

EVERY country has the Press it deserves. As a lover of my country I am wondering exactly what has been our offence that its punishment is what it is. On Thursday last, one million coal miners were out of work, and the coal industry, on which the nation's life depends, practically ceased to exist. It is true that the Government was making tremendous efforts to patch up a peace. Nevertheless, the fact remains that a Coal Strike was in being. Now, the Press is notoriously a reflex of the public state of mind. News-placards are drawn up as an exact science by men who know to a nicety the type of news-item that sells the most papers. On Thursday last, whatever most interested the public, it was certainly not, in the estimation of these experts, the Coal Strike. The eternal Test Match, a football result, the non-appearance at the altar of a musical-comedy bride, the murder of an unfortunate, the playing of a trick on the Censor by an author, the death of a well-known coroner—each one of these items monopolised the posters of various of the leading journals to the total eclipse of Coal. That calamity was not overlooked in some cases, but clearly it was not regarded as an attraction *sine quâ non*.

* * *

Did the Public Care?

NOW, what was the fact? Either the public was, or was not, absorbed with the gravity of its situation. If it was, then the placardists were hurling insults in its face. If it was not, if the public *was* just as interested in cricket, football, matrimony, murder, and the stage, well, then, either the calamity was no calamity at all or John Bull is the stupidest fellow that ever stepped, and deserves any fate that befalls him.

* * *

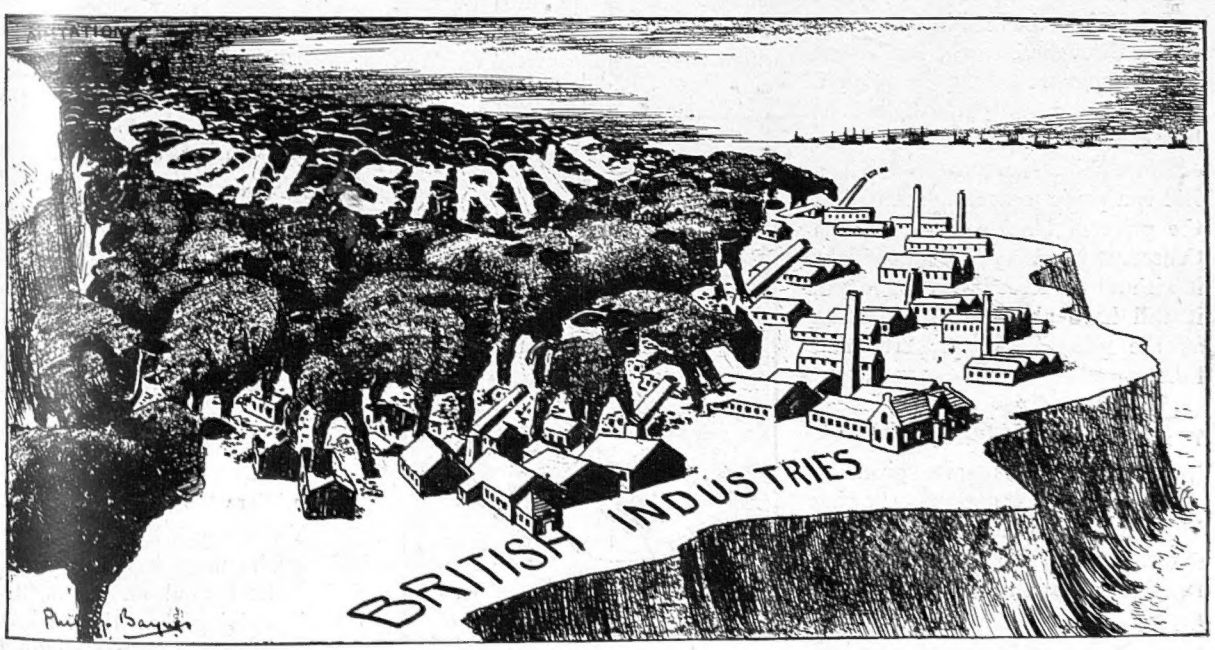
Calamity versus Cricket

I SUPPOSE the Placardists will say, "Yes. The public *is* worried about the strike. But *our* business is to sell our papers, and *we* know that crises, however grave, don't sell them, where sporting results and stage sensations do. Business is business!" Perhaps. But if the business of newspapers is merely to pander to popular taste, why do the able editors, in their columns, shriek "calamity" at us? If calamity it be, is it not their duty to concentrate attention on it against everything else? To cry "calamity" in your sheet and "cricket" on your contents-bill is to bring the Press into contempt, and next time, at a public dinner, I hear a politician or a learned judge platitudinise about the Fourth Estate and its position as an educator of public opinion, I shall be tempted to make an unmannerly interruption.

* * *

The Business Man's View

IT is, however, THE BYSTANDER'S business to read the public mind in its own way, not in that of placardists or brother-editors, and so far as I was able to judge, the general attitude of the business man was in favour of having the strike and fighting it out.



"ALL THEY LIKE BLACK SHEEP": COAL STRIKERS AS SEEN THROUGH THE CYNIC'S SPECTACLES
BY PHILIP BAYNES

Under the Shadow of a National Calamity

The non-appearance of a musical comedienne at the altar on the day of her marriage attracts enormous interest, though the lady herself (see photograph below)—

MISS GABRIELLE RAY

Recovered from her indisposition in time to get married on Friday. May we suggest that the popular favourite was affected by the strike fever last Thursday?

It was foreseen that to surrender the principle of the minimum wage was only to store up trouble for the future and to encourage Socialism to foment strike after strike until capital was made powerless to resist practical annihilation. English business men are convinced that the country is in for a prolonged period of industrial warfare, and the certainty of Government intervention, forced by the Press, only encourages agitators to pursue what has been rightly called blackmailing the public.

***

A Panic Panacea

AT last it has leaked out that Mr. Asquith practically promised to the miners the introduction of a Minimum Wage Bill for all trades. To spring such a Bill on the Legislature, and to rush it through under the Parliament Act without testing their opinion, will be conduct which should at last goad the electorate to end the era of Cabinet autocracy. Such a Bill is a panic measure, promised as the price of blackmail, and if the Conservative party does not fight it with all the force it can command, it will have abdicated its position as the guardian of property and liberty.

***

The World Goes Its Way

IN these pages are given a series of snapshots showing how the world went its way—racing, footballing, boat-practising, marriage-mongering, and litigating—regardless of the "national calamity." Were one to protest that the world should *not* have gone its way, there would come a reminder that Drake, before the Armada, "finished the game." If I could believe that England of to-day is a nation of Drakes, I would say no more. But is she?

***

Difficult to Defend

AT the moment, the stone-throwing and window-smashing raid of the Suffragettes, headed by Mrs. Pankhurst herself, seems difficult even for a supporter of the women's cause to understand. I am one of those who am not altogether deaf to the main defence of the Militants, who advocate violence because only thereby is it possible to force their cause on Cabinet notice. While, however, the pestering of Ministers and the raiding of Parliament *may* be defended as fair political warfare, I am not as yet quite able to see where the smashing of the windows of unoffending shopmen is effective. I wish well to the cause of the Suffrage, but also I wish the Suffragettes would make the task of their sympathisers less difficult.

MR. HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

Continues, regardless of the strikes of other people, his own unending strike against the Law and all the lawyers

***

Dumb Defenders

AT present, many of the thousands of men who signed the petition at the last Election in favour of the household suffrage for women, and who have steadily stood in defence of that principle, are perforce dumb. Parliamentary candidates, too, who had intended to put Suffrage in the front of their programmes may hesitate. It is not pleasant to figure as a defender of wanton violence.

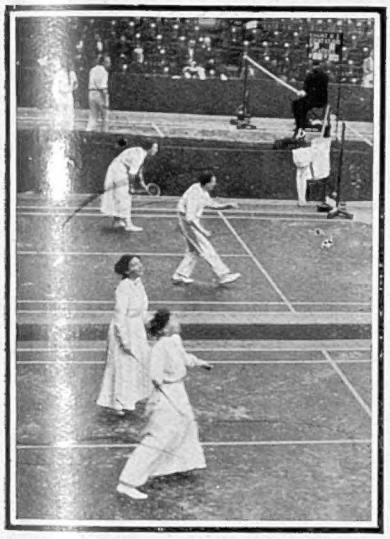
***

Where Were the Men?

BY the way, what were the *men*, who must have been about the Strand on the night in question, doing that they did not use their own manly strength to stay the smashers' hand? Are we no longer the sex we were?

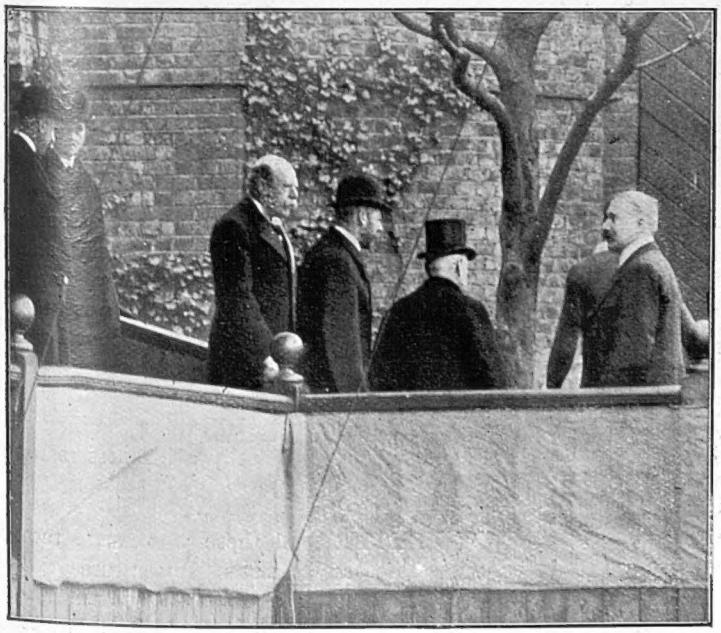
The World, As Usual, Goes Its Way

SOCIETY, FOR INSTANCE, FLOCKS TO THE GRAND MILITARY MEETING AT SANDOWN PARK ON FRIDAY



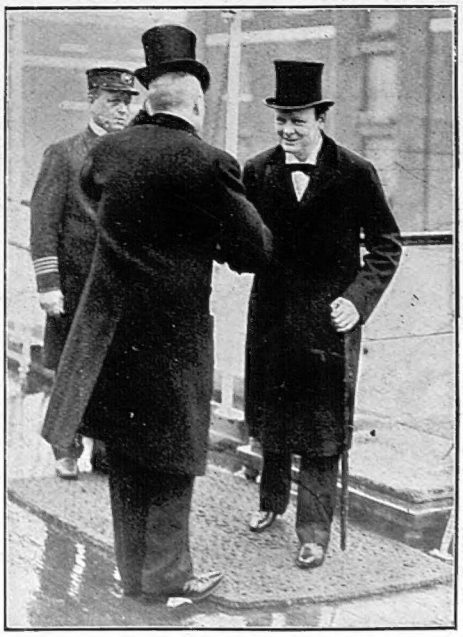
THE BADMINTON CHAMPIONSHIPS ARE DECIDED AT THE HORTICULTURAL HALL

THE OXFORD CREW GO OUT FOR THE FIRST TIME IN THEIR NEW BOAT AT HENLEY



The King

HIS MAJESTY THE KING GOES TO A RUGBY FOOTBALL MATCH BETWEEN THE ARMY AND NAVY AT QUEEN'S CLUB ON SATURDAY



AND MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL INSPECTS A NEW MOTOR PROPELLED SHIP AT WEST INDIA DOCKS

Topics of the Town—Various

Training for the Business Government

I HAVE never been impressed with the Business Government idea, nor interested in the personality of its author, Mr. Bottomley. If this gentleman, who has again been for weeks engaged in continuous litigation over his financial transactions, is still the type to which all politicians should aspire, then the Business Government will have to have its quarters very near the Law Courts. The law, forsooth, will be an enormously profitable "business" to be in, when Mr. Bottomley comes into power.

***

"There is a Happy Land"

WRITING to correct a statement in a recent BYSTANDER that the Bulgarian Crown Prince had been trained at St. Cyr and that his father, King Ferdinand, was "disliked from one end of his Tsardom to the other," a Bystander in Sofia writes: "The English Press, with the exception of the *Times*, invariably publish rubbish about the Balkans. As a matter of fact, the Balkans, and Bulgaria in particular, are rather dull than otherwise. We have no wars, strikes, and, thank Heaven, no Lloyd George." I am glad to hear they have no wars and strikes, but am pleasantly surprised to hear that brigandage is also unknown. My correspondent had better, however, "touch wood." There is no knowing to which foreign country the Chancellor of the Exchequer may not go in search of fresh bright ideas for the oppression of the taxpayer.

IF ONLY THESE, TOO—

—WOULD GO ON STRIKE!

(By Sid Treeby)

***

Another Imperial Exhibition

I AM sorry to see that poor 1915 is to be troubled with yet another Imperial Exhibition. The idea is to "take stock of what the Empire could produce and manufacture." Really, have we not already been bored to death with similar exhibitions? Is there anything about Imperial produce that we haven't learned from the Tariff Reformers? And, by 1915, will there still be a British Empire, and if so, will over-taxed, over-ruled, strike-scared, and possibly invaded Britons have any thought for the produce of their lucky kinsmen overseas? I suggest that the time will have come once again to give our attention to the produce and manufactures, if any, of our own islands.

***

The Grand Military

SOLDIERS don't race, somehow, as they used to—before the Boer War, for instance. The reason—because they have more work to do, perhaps. But all the same, last Friday and Saturday's Grand Military at Sandown was one of the cheeriest steeplechasing meetings of the winter season. It is very elect and select and exclusively Service, of course; and the outsiders' lot is not a happy one; while the riding is often as bad as the racing is good. But in select family gatherings, mediocrity makes, much more often than the other thing, for general amiability, and, after all, mere perfection may safely, I suppose, be left to mere civilians? Club hospitality is a feature of the Soldiers' Meeting, and very appetising hot luncheons are always dispensed at the tents of the Household Brigade, the Cavalry Club, and the Royal Artillery.

***

The Courts

THE Spring Season, which, owing to the Coal Strike and the Court mourning, distinctly lags, really ought to make a start this week. Anyway, the Court, with a Levée, an Investiture, and, between this Friday and next, three Courts and another Levée, will be kept busy, and a busy Court always means a busy town. Monday's Levée at St. James's was the first for which Lord Sandhurst, the new Lord Chamberlain, was responsible—I understand that hitches were quite strangely few and far between, the new social arbiter, unlike his predecessor, being primarily a business man.

***

An Oversight

WHETHER all those who *should* turn up at to-day's Investiture *will* do so lies, apparently, still uncertain. If they do, it will be the largest Investiture held for many years. It appears, however, that under the last *régime* the

Royal Sisters Similar: The Connaught Princesses

THE CROWN PRINCESS OF SWEDEN

(Princess Margaret of Connaught), who has just given birth to a son (February 28). Her resemblance to her better-known sister is specially noticeable in the two photographs here compared

Photographs *Lallie Charles*

H.R.H. PRINCESS PATRICIA OF CONNAUGHT

summonses to the many recent recipients of decorations were, unfortunately, overlooked. Lord Sandhurst, therefore, has had to ask the help of the Press in order to communicate in time with all the gentlemen concerned.

***

By Order of the Queen

COURT dress, of late somewhat go-as-you-please in fashion, is now, by command from highest quarters, to be uniform, an order received in Dover Street and thereabouts with much wailing and gnashing of teeth. The short, dainty skirts, that are so "remnis," as a well-known lady has it, of the Gaiety and Daly's, the "fish-tail" train, the voluminous veil, and the as-you-like-it plumes are no longer permissible. Skirts must now touch the ground all round, trains be wide and short, veils little more than a yard in length, and feathers worn regulation fashion. About the width of Court skirts the Lord Chamberlain is silent. But to do in Rome as Rome does is one of the first social necessities, and everyone knows the Queen's objection to the silhouette of the moment.

Court Standards: Election Notions

The Masquerade and Manners

TALKING of Court standards, by the way, I have heard it more than once asserted that it is to the door of such balls as that taking place under the auspices of the Chelsea Arts Club at the Albert Hall to-night that the responsibility of the present "impossible" *modes* of dancing should be laid. In Bohemia, where latitude in morals and manners is regarded as a supreme virtue, dancing *à la* Gaby Deslys in her very latest American importation—some people call it abomination—is, doubtless, quite permissible, if undesirable. In Belgravia, and even in Suburbia, however, modesty is still a feminine attribute, as decency is a masculine, and here the momentary method of "dancing" is distinctly out of place.

MRS. ASQUITH
On her way to the Memorial Service for the late Duke of Fife at Windsor Castle

* * *

"Famous Actress" and the Cabinet

READERS of the *Pall Mall Gazette* who have not yet got accustomed to "modern methods," one of which is to start a number of different sensations on page 1 and continue them on various columns of page 2, had a slight shock last week. Having read their two Coal Strike columns, they passed to Miss Gabrielle Ray, the "famous actress" (*vide P.M.G.*). At the bottom of the column we read:

> From sounds coming from the interior, however, it was evident that Miss Ray and a lady friend of hers, who was with her, were busy on the telephone.
>
> A lady friend of Miss Ray, who declined to give her name, was seen later by
>
> (*Continued on Page* 2)
>
> Mr Ashton, Mr Smillie (vice-president), and "Mabon" (Mr. W. Abraham, M.P.).
>
> It was understood that Mr. Mitchell came with a message of the greatest importance from the Cabinet meeting.

When we recovered, we realised that we had been reading the continuation of the Coal Strike matter. It was disappointing. The idea that Miss Ray's affairs were occupying Government attention had been so very attractive while it lasted.

* * *

An Epsom Grievance—

THE news comes that Epsom is to have an "election"—that is to say, its sitting Member, Mr. Keswick (majority, 5,000 odd) is to hand over his safe seat to another. Local opinion is interested whether an "Amurath unto an Amurath will succeed." Will another landed country gentleman be selected to represent this preponderantly middle-class Division, or will the local Association call upon somebody a little more closely in touch with the sentiment of the thousands of daily bread-earners, who are the bulk of the electorate? They are rather pining for a Parliamentary representative who is in sympathy with the sorrows of the over-rated, over-taxed small householder, and who would, occasionally, get up in Parliament and *say something* about them—a duty the retiring Member was unavoidably prevented, by age and disinclination, from discharging. Mr. Keswick's record in the Session of 1911 (February - August) was — Divisions, 29; Speeches, *nil*.

* * *

—And a Suffolk One

HEARTY congratulations to Mr. Harry S. Foster, Unionist candidate for East Suffolk, on his successful libel action. It is generally known that he lost his seat largely because of a letter by a bogus fisherman, pretending to discount Mr. Foster's claim to be the "Fisherman's Friend." It is true that mere damages, a year after the event, are poor consolation. Certainly the time has come when the circulation of libels or false letters reflecting on a candidate should be sufficient to declare an election null and void.

MISS VIOLET ASQUITH
Delivering a speech on Home Rule at the opening of the Gladstone Club, at Grove Hall, Hammersmith, last Wednesday

LORD ROSEBERY (centre)
At Windsor Castle on the occasion of the Duke of Fife Memorial Service

"But the Seventh Day—"

THE CULT OF SUNDAY SKATING AS PRACTISED BY LONDON SOCIETY

ADY CLEMENTINE WARING

LORD AND LADY WORSLEY

VISCOUNTESS SOUTHWELL

VISCOUNT CHURCHILL

MRS. CLAUDE LEVITA and LADY CHURSTON

VISCOUNT CRICHTON

Roller-skating continues to be a fashionable craze, and, on Sundays, Society and Stage enthusiasts, who are members of the Sunday Club, foregather at the Holland Park Skating Rink and disport themselves on wheels. We are no opponents of healthful recreation on the Sabbath Day, for those who are occupied during the week. That Sunday should be the day of days for social roller-skating in the West End of London is, however, curious. Roller-skating is possibly healthful, but is Society prevented from amusing itself thus during the six days on which other people labour and do all they have to do?

THE BYSTANDER AT THE O.U.D.S.

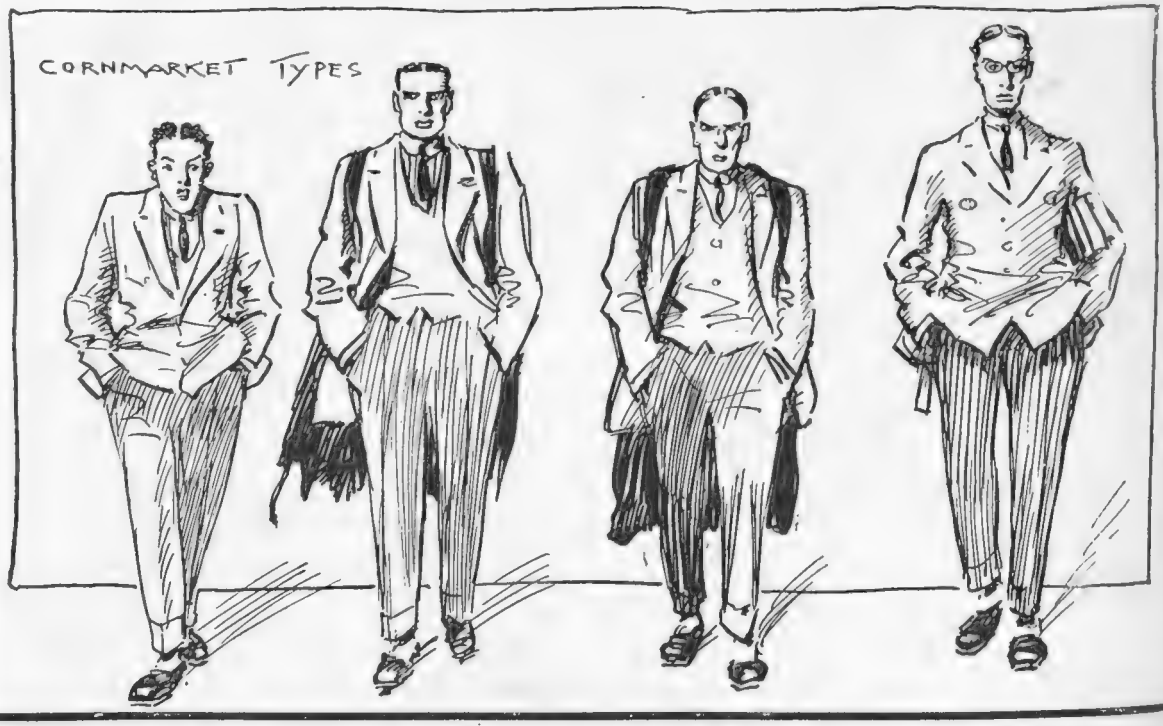
MISS E. DOMVILE AS THE PRINCIPAL BOY "LUCIUS"

THE "RAGGING" SCENE AT THE FORUM

The performance of "Julius Cæsar" by the Oxford University Dramatic Society was witnessed and sketched by Norman Morrow. He found it a strong, if somewhat noisy, performance. The stage crowd was so exceptionally energetic that one occasionally got the impression of watching a Rugby scrum. The acting was good all round. One may particularise Mr. M. F. Brickdale as Brutus, Mr. G. C. Faber as Cassius, Mr. C. K. Allen as Cæsar, and Mr. P. Guedalla as Antonius. The Portia of Miss Marion Benn was also admirable

THE ROMAN "FORWARDS" WERE IN SPLENDID CONDITION AND PUT IN SOME STRONG WORK.

THERE WAS SOMETHING CHARMINGLY UNCONVENTIONAL ABOUT THE AUDIENCE



[Our artist may be right, of course, but we find it difficult to believe that the prevalent cast of Oxonian countenance is quite so repellent]

THAT BLESSED WORD CO-PARTNERY.

The Strange New Popularity of Old "Bystander" Beliefs

WHILE contemporary journals were breathing out fire and slaughter as the only cure for Labour unrest, THE BYSTANDER, in season and out, claimed that the true Unionist policy was to seek a sympathetic solution of social problems. It is agreeable to look back across the way we have trodden and to watch others warily fitting their feet into our footprints, making believe to those behind that they are treading their own.

The new Social Unionists (as we hereby beg to name those who seek to reunite Society on a broader and sounder basis) have not, however, quite got into their stride. As yet they do not realise that Social Unionism is a philosophy, not a new game of phrase-hunting. One must have been more or less born a Social Unionist, and, from earliest days, have taken the Disraelian or Randolphian view of Tory policy, which says, "Keep the Constitution and save the people," which has opposed Radicalism not because it was too democratic, but because it was not democratic enough, and destroyed things that were not bad to replace them with things that were not good, or with nothing at all. Tory Democracy, or Social Unionism, would not destroy Society, but reunite it. It would reconcile classes with each other. It would open doors. It would promote a spirit of tolerance and of harmony, and while it would call some men mistaken it would call none accursed.

The danger to Social Unionism, now in its cradle as a political creed, is that it may be nourished on the wrong food—it may be killed by phrases, stifled with statistics. Because such words as, for instance, "Co-partnery" and "Co-operation" are not in the Radical-Socialist stockpot, they are breathed out like that blessed word Mesopotamia—solutions for all evils. Let those who are preparing the policy vow that, during the preparatory stages, they will never, in speech, word, or paper, cite a single practical instance or quote a single figure. Let us get Co-partnery into our heads as an Idea. The facts and the figures can come in after.

Co-partnery, I suggest, should be discussed not in terms of what Lord Furness did at Hartlepool or Sir George Livesey at his gasworks, but of what should be done by Man with his brother. It is necessary to look at the idea without any preconceived idea of *profit* whatsoever. The gospel of Get Rich Quick is no nobler collective than individual. Effort-sharing, not profit-sharing, must be the immediate purpose of co-partners. We know pretty well, without going into £ *s. d.*, what are the wares which the world wants, which are being undersold, which oversold, which are well produced, which badly produced. Co-partners must start forth in the spirit not of "bithneth," but of art. Before they even co-operate in the bare utterance of the word Co-operation they must be born again in a new spirit. These co-partners must be men seasoned in simplicity, ambitious for no mere social or financial glory. The highest remuneration expected for their joint efforts must be the wherewithal to live healthily, harmoniously, agreeably. Co-partnery must be pronounced successful if it succeds in producing the article well, and in selling it at a fair price to the overturn of a profit which enables each co-partner to live up (or down) to an agreed-on standard of comfort. All ideas of huge fortune must be banished, for the future one looks for is an age not of huge fortune, but of huge happiness—a very different thing.

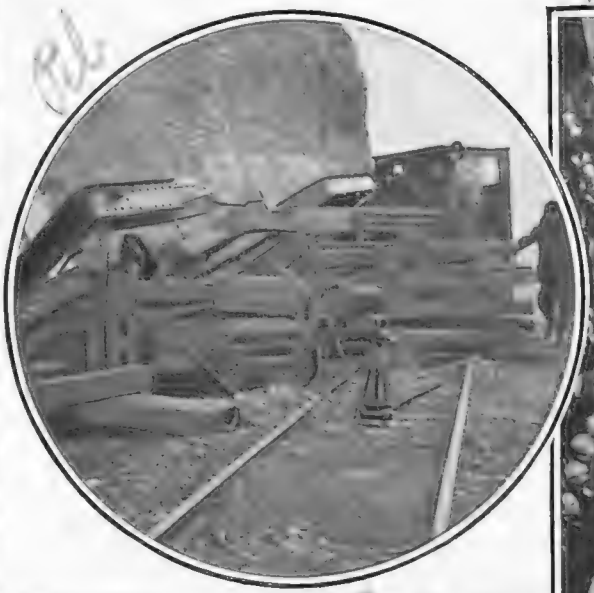
Chimerical? Absurd? You want a practical example of the proposal in working? My dear old-fashioned Sir or Madam, that is just what you won't get. No true philosopher starts a creed with instances or figures. He merely offers you thoughts. I can, if you like, conjure up the vision of a purely imaginary business, the product entirely of men's brains and hearts in unison, in which each one of them is conscious only of the desire to work well and to live pleasantly. Could but the impetus be removed which goads them to *make it pay*, and so diverts their minds from their own ideals in favour of the dividends of shareholders whose names they do not know, then Co-partnery could be put in practice. And the odd and laughable thing about it is that, if it were—if the Business Men were to stand aside—the Business *would* pay, and leave something over for the co-partners, because they, once themselves their own masters, jointly responsible for the whole concern, would show a strange new energy and an amazing acumen. Time-servers no longer, their work would become to them their whole life. In their zeal for it, they would dispense with the tyranny of servile leisure, as well as that of servile labour.

Yes, true Co-partnery in the pursuit of true business, which aimed at good production by producers equally interested, held together by common zeal for the common weal, would PAY right enough. The public could be made to know the products of Co-partnery from those of hired labour by the aid of some distinguishing hall-mark, and would not, were they well produced, be slow to give them the preference. Admitted you could not stamp coal, gas, and such-like, you could stamp with the magic seal (which would need to be designed by a real artist) gloves, boots, collars, cigarettes, bottles, tins, bread, butter, eggs, and—dare I whisper it?—newspapers! Let the Government design the stamp, and grant the use of it to all concerns which can prove themselves Co-partneries, and I think a first step will have been taken. As to next steps, I shall hope to say a few more words in subsequent issues.

V. C.

From Europe, Asia,

PICTO



Railway accident to "troop trains" on the Shih-Chia-Chuang—Tia-way, after the defeat of the Chinese Niang-tzu-Kuan on Decem- that occurred yuan-fu Rail- Rebels at ber 13

ITALIAN CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES PASSES RESOLUTION ADOPTING THE ANNEXATION OF TRI

THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF WESTMINSTER WITH THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS PLESS IN EGYPT

THE IRRIGATION OF MESOPOTAMIA: SIR WILLIAM WILLCOCKS'S WORKS

Repairs of the old barrage and construction of the new barrage, 800 metres up stream, which is to cost 370,000 Turkish pounds

LITIES

Africa, and America

THE FONTENOY (NOT WATERLOO) CUP
A course in the French Coursing Derby, known as the "Coupe de Fontenoy"

ENGLISH LESSONS FOR THE POLICE OF VIENNA
The police and street guides in Vienna are receiving lessons in English so that they may be better able to direct English visitors to the Austrian capital!

A MONUMENT TO J. J. ROUSSEAU
Which will be placed in the Pantheon at Paris on June 25 next. The design was sculptured by Bartholome

CHARIOT-RACING IN 1912
A feature of the annual carnival of roses held last month at Pasadena, California, was the exciting race depicted above

THE LOOK OF THINGS

FROM A BYSTANDER'S POINT OF VIEW

SPRING, in spite of this bother about coal, is advancing upon us. "In Kew Gardens," says the reporter who does "Spring" in the *Daily Chronicle*, "the sap is rising in many kinds of trees." Elsewhere, the sap is probably falling. Good old Kew!

* * *

"Already," goes on our informant, "many carpets have been strewn with golden flowers and many-coloured petals." These golden flowers with many-coloured petals sound a nuisance, and should be taken up with a carpet-sweeper.

* * *

Really, those attacks on the Government for its dilatoriness in dealing with the threatened strike were most unfair. Did not Mr. Runciman at once appoint a Commission to consider the subject of sylviculture, so that if coal began to run out we might have lots of wood to cut?

* * *

"How to keep warm without coal" is one of those topics that might have been expected from some of the papers lately, but none has really taken up the problem satisfactorily. Our own advice would be to live in a fur coat, if you don't mind being mistaken for the assistant stage-manager of a musical comedy. And why should you?

* * *

Another way would be to become a militant Suffragette. Struggling with stewards at political meetings is very warming work, but, of course, not all our gaols are as well heated as they should be.

* * *

The Tubes have an even temperature, if you fancy spending your days in a Tube. Or if you are willing to emigrate, New Guinea is hot.

* * *

It appears that the substitute for rubber, which a young Russian has invented, may not, after all, turn out to be a profitable investment. It must surely be a very genuine substitute for rubber.

ANOTHER BLACK HAND OUTRAGE

"HOLY SAINT PATHRICK! ME PRAYERS HAS BEEN ANSWERED BY THE BLISSED ANGELS IN HIVEN"

Once again it looks as if an Anglo-German *entente* were to be spoilt by a blunder. Five thousand copies of Lord Haldane's book, "Universities and National Life," are to be distributed gratis among the high schools of Germany, with the certain result that the young Germans compelled to read this solemn work will conceive a hatred of England in general and Lord Haldane in particular which it will take years to eradicate.

* * *

"Caged Girls"—according to Miss Josephine Knowles—"are inferior as wives to the girls who break away from their homes." Quite a number of parents, however, take the view that the caged girls are not so inferior, considered as daughters.

* * *

Just as Mr. Rockefeller's Bible-class has decided that the ideal girl is the one who does the proposing, news comes from the States that young Americans are being terrorised by the way in which women, taking advantage of the Leap Year, are forcing them into marriage against their will. That is the eternal difference between theory and practice.

* * *

The only straight thing would be if, after these terrified young men have secured divorces at the nearest centres, Mr. Rockefeller's Bible-class were to name a day for accepting proposals from the divorcées. Mr. Rockefeller might be asked to give his Bible-class away. He could easily get a new one.

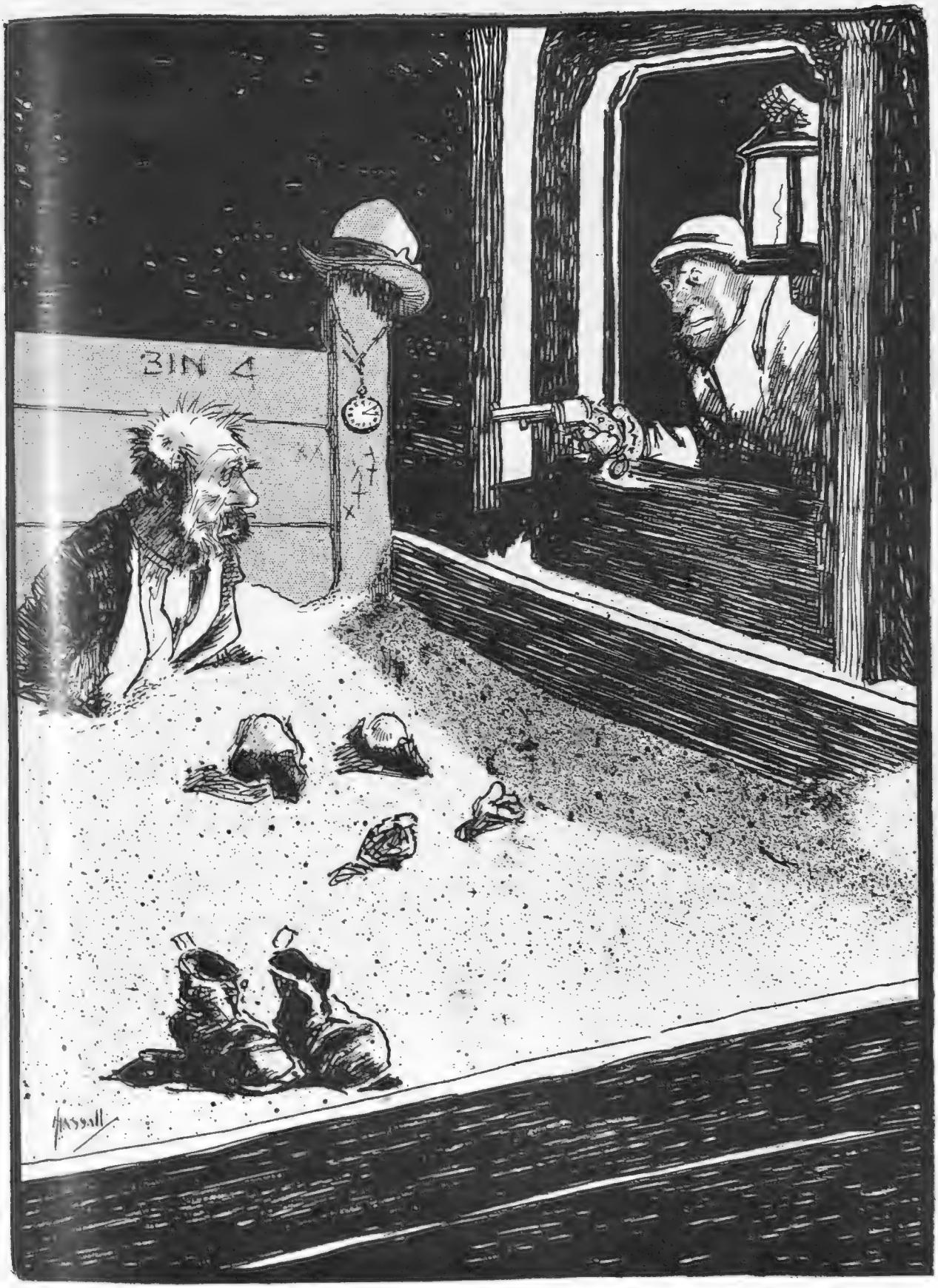
* * *

Wild cats—says a contemporary—are increasing in Scotland. We do hope they will stay there, and not emigrate to London like the other inhabitants.

* * *

Mr. Winston Churchill is stated to have been greatly vexed by the remark attributed to Mr. Lloyd George as the latter was coming out after seeing *The Miracle*. Mr. Lloyd George said, "This is the most impressive spectacle I have ever seen."

City Notes : By John Hassall



NO. 3.—EARLY RISE IN WHEAT

London Nights Entertainments

BY "JINGLE." ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW

"THE SUNSHINE GIRL" AT THE GAIETY THEATRE

IT seems a work of supererogation to record the fact that the latest Gaiety production is a great success. Mr. George Edwardes not only knows What the Public Wants, but he has a way of making the Public Want what he has decided to supply. Apart, however, from the hypnotic influence of the Gaiety management on its patrons, it must be admitted that *The Sunshine Girl* is quite as good and quite as entertaining as any of the Girls who have preceded her. The plot, as usual, is nothing to speak of, but the variety entertainment that carries the story along is well up to sample, while the extraordinary proportion of pretty girls in the chorus is most disconcerting to a susceptible person like myself. It would be idle to compliment the ladies singly. You simply fall in love with them in batches. The standard of beauty is always the same, it is only the type that differs, and bunched together, dark and fair, they make a perfect nosegay of loveliness. I could say more, but I perceive that my enthusiasm is already beginning to carry me away, and I have always flattered myself that I know when it is time to stop.

The story is a simple one. A young man has inherited a soap factory bringing in a revenue of forty thousand pounds a year, on condition that he does not marry or become engaged to be married for five years. Order, please! To impose such a condition on a young man surrounded all day long by a crowd of lovely and fascinating girls is quite heartless cruelty—or even worse. Because the authors in their beautifully simple and guileless way do not seem to have imagined any alternative to marriage under the circumstances, and, of course, it is not for me to go and put fanciful ideas into their heads, especially as that alternative is not likely to occur to the innocent and unsophisticated patrons of the Gaiety Theatre. Besides, it really does not matter, because everyone knows that in plays these arbitrary conditions are always broken down at the finish. The young man in question begins by sinking his identity into that of an ordinary workman in the factory, and inviting his old friend, Lord Bicester (Mr. George Grossmith, jun.), to introduce himself as the proprietor of the business and the really comfortable income therefrom ensuing.

The fun begins with that. One of the first things his lordship does is to have the girls paraded before him so that he can choose one of them for his typist in his private office. His choice falls on the young and lovely Delia Dale (Miss Phyllis Dare); and when Delia protests that she does not know how to use a typewriter, his lordship says that that will not matter, as he never writes letters anyway. After all, what does anything matter so long as we are good? As Delia is the young lady with whom the real proprietor has fallen in love, her promotion to the post of very confidential typist and private secretary gives rise to complications, but nothing of a nature that need cause the least anxiety. That is one of the advantages

of a Gaiety play. It does not matter what difficulties the heroine encounters, you know that all will come right in the end, and that nothing will be allowed to occur that may interfere with the beneficent progress of after-dinner digestion.

One of the real gems of the piece is the energetic performance of Miss Connie Ediss. Her part in the play is that of Brenda Blacker, a cook who has got rid of her first husband by pensioning him off at the rate of four shillings and sixpence a week. This, of course, leaves her free to look out for another partner. I mean, it does, doesn't it? I never was much of an expert in law matters. The cook's second fancy is a naval man whose chief qualification for his post seems to be that he cannot stand the offensive rocking movement of a Channel steamer. I possess the same high qualification myself, but at the moment of writing I am not even a Lord of the Admiralty. Brenda Blacker does not have very much time, however, to pursue her new matrimonial enterprise as she is mostly occupied in singing and dancing and adding to the gaiety of nations by her naïve humour. In her sweet and artless manner, she complains that one of the first questions raised by her new admirer was the extent of her dowry, though he put the matter a little more bluntly by asking her what she had in her stocking—a reference, of course, to the famous *bas de laine* of the French peasantry. Still, as Brenda, who is as well-nourished as she is attractive, pathetically complains, you can't very well go into details of that kind after only a brief acquaintance. Shortly after that Brenda favours us with a song concerning the delights of Brighton as a week-end resort, and when she gives us a practical imitation of a plump lady-bather bobbing up and down in the sea the cheers are very properly deafening. The fun is quite uproarious while it lasts, and I think that song and dance will prove to be one of the features of the new production. Brenda's description of how she saw the Durbar is another brilliant feather in her cap. Miss Ediss is quite good.

Miss Phyllis Dare has one or two songs that are distinctly smart, and her refinement is so sure that even when the words of her song have a tendency to slip over the edge, as it were, no unnecessary emphasis is given to them. The playful ditty called "Take Me for a Walk," in which the last word of each verse is, with justifiable confidence, left to the imagination of anyone with a gift for rhyming, is sung in the daintiest manner possible, and grows in grace as the encores multiply. Mr. George Grossmith is, of course, a host in himself. His nonsensical patter is quite delightful, and he has at least one song, "Little Girl, Little Girl, Mind How You Go!" which is a direct bid for popularity. As a catchword it seems ideal for skating rinks and other resorts frequented by those who are known as the youth of both sexes, when the conversation is beginning to flag; while the tune is so simple and so smooth that I believe I could hum it myself if I had any idea of music at all. Talking of music reminds me that this is a musical play, and it might be expected, therefore, that, in justice to the composer, Mr. Paul A. Rubens, I should say a few words on the subject. If I do not do so it is not because I wish to underrate in the slightest degree the musical part of the production, but because the Editor would read my illuminating descriptions and would then take me on one side and ask me to declare on my honour that I knew the difference between a minim and a demi-semi-quaver. And when you are put on your honour like that it is so difficult to get out of it.

Mr. Edmund Payne has a part that will develop as the production grows older. He is Mr. Floot, a "workshy" on the tramp, and when he is offered a job at the soap-works his first pressing anxiety is to see how he can contrive to become the victim of some slight injuries, not necessarily embarrassing in themselves, but at the same time good for a round sum under the Compensation Act. His duets with Mr. Grossmith will go more smoothly as the piece settles down, though they are quite amusing enough at present for ordinary purposes. We expect, however, a higher standard from Mr. Payne, and we are not likely to be disappointed in the present case. His duet with Miss Mabel Sealby, a newcomer at the Gaiety, is quite satisfying. The idea of the song is that when the ladies have their way, they will take the young men for walks and buy them boxes of chocolates, and though I cannot hope to share in this idyllic state of affairs myself, I am unselfish enough to feel pleased that a good time is coming for the man of the future. I expect *The Sunshine Girl* will enjoy a long life and a merry one, and as it seems to me to be just the sort of entertainment that Gaiety patrons require, it deserves no less. JINGLE

At the Gaiety Theatre

MATTERS MUSICAL

THE BRITISH COMPOSER AGAIN

Mascagni

On the afternoon I write this article the papers are devoting some space to the arrival of Signor Mascagni, who is to conduct an opera of his own composition at a leading music-hall. Whatever the composer's reputation may be with the general and the musical public, the particular opera which he proposes to conduct owes its fame to the weakest number of a weak score, written, if I remember rightly, as an afterthought.

Press Prejudice

But blessed is the composer who can afford a press-agent and who has arranged to be born, or at least christened, outside the British Empire. Indeed, for the Colonies I cannot speak, but it is evident that in this country there exists a strong musical prejudice against Englishmen. About which of our native composers, with the possible exception of Elgar, does the Press concern itself in the smallest degree? And from one point of view the Press is right, because general readers are not interested.

A Hard Case

So the case of the British composer is a hard one. Last week I commented on his peculiar disabilities if he happened to specialise in theatrical work. These, indeed, are so overwhelming as to be practically prohibitive. But the ordinary composer is in a position not as hopeless, it is true, but all the more tantalising on that account. He can usually manage to get his music produced once or even twice, but, unfortunately, very few people ever dream of going to hear it. And apart from the economic aspect of the case it is hardly inspiring to play Orpheus when there are no trees or mountain-tops to listen to you.

A Genuine Revival

Now, I know that the public is not entirely to blame. English musicians have been so ready to decry each other's works; so much English music has been produced that has been in point of fact extremely dull; so much insistence has been laid by well-meaning but short-sighted enthusiasts on the necessary merit of anything bearing a national trade-mark, that people have become suspicious of the whole musical revival in this country. Nevertheless, the revival is a genuine one, and fully deserving of the support of anybody who is interested in any kind of music. All art is cosmopolitan in a sense, but the first necessity for any worthy cosmopolitanism is the cultivation of nationality. One should not receive without giving. The country which contributes nothing to the common æsthetic fund of Europe, but is merely a pale reflection of all its various idiosyncrasies, seems to me not cosmopolitan, but parasitical.

Remarkable Concerts

For the reasons, then, that I have indicated I make no excuse in calling my readers' attention to a most remarkable series of concerts which are to take place in London, owing to the public spirit and enterprise of Mr. Balfour Gardiner. There are four concerts in all, and the first is to take place on the 13th of this month at the Queen's Hall. One of the programmes is devoted to old English choral music, one to Sir Edward Elgar's second symphony and other well-known compositions of diverse nationalities, and two to modern English works. I do not honestly think that Mr. Balfour Gardiner could have arranged four more attractive concerts, and in his selection of the composers to be represented he has shown, as I think, great discrimination. Indeed, anybody who is in the least curious as to what is being done by the best musicians of his country would be extremely foolish not to pay a visit to these concerts.

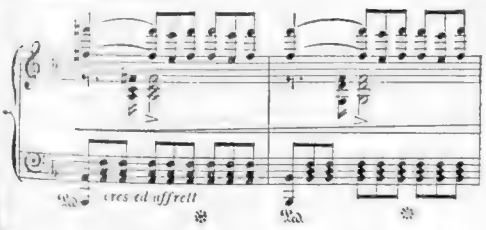
The Critic's Use

I said before that I made no excuse in calling my readers' attention to this matter, nor do I—but I should like to add that it has always been one of my maxims that the principal, if not the sole, use of a critic is to give gratuitous advertisement to what is good. FRANCIS TOYE

Another Great Composer

CUT DOWN AND ADAPTED TO VARIETY PURPOSES

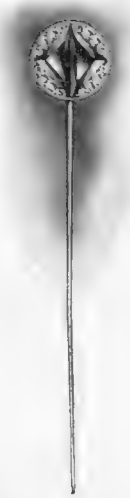
Camera Portrait *Arbuthnot and Hoppé*



SIGNOR MASCAGNI

The famous composer, who is now conducting a special orchestra at the Hippodrome, where performances of his world-famous opera, "Cavalleria Rusticana," are being given. Incisiveness in attack and temperamental treatment are the features of his conducting

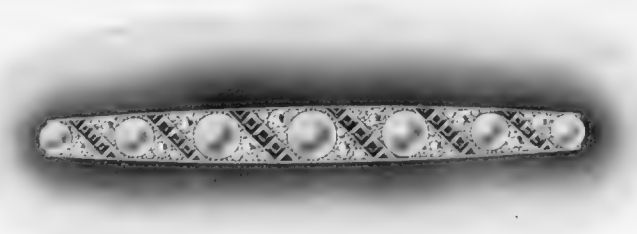
Tecla sapphire scarfpin with real diamonds.



Scarfpin of simple design with Tecla emeralds in *entourage* of diamonds.

Pendant with beautiful Tecla cabochon emerald suspended in dainty loop of diamonds.

Scarfpin with Tecla *calibrés* rubies and real diamonds.



Exquisite brooch composed of Tecla pearls and sapphires mounted in platinum. Real diamonds.

PLEASING PATTERNS IN *BIJOUTERIE* BY TECLA.

The Bystander in Paris

Cabalistic Words

"Georges," she said, "are you quite certain that you really love me?" Georges — Georges with an "s," please, for he was a French Georges—hitched up the left-hand side of his moustache, made a waist poultice of his strong left arm, and threw his right palm out toward the top gallery. He stopped it before it got there, of course. "My all-beautiful," he said, "dost thou see the star above there?" She couldn't see the star above there, because Georges was the star himself, but she lifted her kohl-black eyes to his and murmured, "Ecker! herck! kerherrck! ker! O la la whoosh!" I know just what you're thinking. You fancy that I am going to tell you that I have discovered a masterpiece by one of Lapland's minor dramatists, but it isn't that at all. The cabalistic words you have just read were not the words of dainty Dorethée at all. They were not spoken on the stage. Somebody in the audience had a little cough, that's all.

The Theatre Cough

And have you noticed what a terrible thing one person's small cough is at a critical moment in a play? It always comes at a critical moment, and that is my reason, Bystanders, for asking you to join the L.A.P.W.C.T. which I intend to found. When we get the L.A.P.W.C.T. into complete working order authors will get a little rest at night, and the smile on the face of the box-office keeper will never wear off. For it stands to reason that people who have only heard such fragments of a play as the bad colds of the audience have made possible are quite unlikely to go away and send all their friends to see it. The L.A.P.W.C.T., as, of course, you have guessed, is the League Against People Who Cough in Theatres. The entrance fee will be a pound of jujubes, and there will be no annual subscription. For the beauty of the L.A.P.W.C.T. is the extremely practical and simple method of its working. It is entirely my own invention. Each member of the L.A.P.W.C.T. promises with awful penalties on joining to wear the badge at every theatre.

The Badge

Now, the badge of the L.A.P.W.C.T. will be a cough-drop. It will be jujuby in texture, and the nearest chemist will decide the colour. Directly anybody coughs in any theatre in future the nearest member of the L.A.P.W.C.T. will remove his badge of membership and pop it into the offender's mouth. He will then replace it on his own coat in readiness for the next offender. Don't let there be any misunderstanding. Members will be expected to carry rechanges of badges in a convenient pocket. It is obvious that badges which have been used once should not be displayed on dress-coats a second time. The colours of the badges are not always fast. It must be plain to all of you how very useful to the theatre the L.A.P.W.C.T. will be.

REVIVAL OF THE FRENCH DUEL

With the promise of spring, this harmless and health-giving outdoor sport has been revived in Paris. No fewer than three took place on one recent day. Accidents will happen, of course, in the most unlikely quarters, and at one of these duels a photographer narrowly escaped injury. Our photograph shows the Brothers de Cassagnac. M. Paul (right) fought a duel on Monday week

Myself an Offender

It is a curious thing, this coughing in theatres. The other evening at the Théâtre Michel, in Paris, it was my pleasant fate to sit between two dainty little actresses. Things were getting exciting on the stage, as things at the little Paris theatres occasionally will. I do not remember exactly what had happened, but I know that there had been a bed on the stage since the curtain went up, and that our hopes had risen with the curtain. I remember one young man getting out of the bed, dressing himself carefully, sighing a little sigh, and tip-toeing gently out of the bedroom. I remember, too, that another man in evening dress and in a state of merriment came into the wrong bedroom, disrobed, and climbed into the bed. There had been a vision of a beautiful lace nightie prettily beribboned and charmingly filled in one corner of that bed since the beginning of the act, and the excitement was too much for me—I coughed.

"Pudibonderie"

The two little ladies either side of me coughed, somebody in a box on my left sneezed, and if the fat man in front of me did not suffer from whooping-cough it was only age which prevented him. How delightful it would have been if half a dozen members of the L.A.P.W.C.T had been in the Théâtre Michel that evening. It was not so much that we could not hear what was going on on the stage, because we could see a good deal, and the remarks which fell from the owner of the laces were emphatic and quite loud. But the poor little thing blushed so. She told me afterwards (it was nervous work asking for an introduction to her in her nightie, but I did it) that she thought the audience had been seized with a fit of "*pudibonderie*" (delightful word!), and was protesting. I reassured her, and the idea of the L.A.P.W.C.T. sprang, like Minerva, ready armed from my occiput. There's nothing so catching as coughing, and "You take the button; it does the rest," shall be the League's motto.

John N. Raphael

The Bystander in Berlin

A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS

The Imperial Palace

THOUGH Germans, as a rule, are far more enterprising than Frenchmen, Herr Peter Suessmilch, innkeeper, of Strassburg, says there are exceptions. Herr Suessmilch keeps a *Kneipe*, where University students foregather of an evening, and swill from bottomless tankards oceans of Munich beer. Swilliest of all these swilling students is, despite his Gallic origin, the Alsatian Herr Bouilleabaise, of the Faculty of Philosophy. Herr Bouilleabaise lately swilled till he owed Herr Suessmilch 175 marks 82 pfennige; and when Herr Suessmilch asked for payment, he said derisively: "Ask papa!"

Swilling Students

BUT when Herr Suessmilch threatened to take this counsel, the student was somewhat put out. For though Herr Bouilleabaise, senior, is the richest butcher in Strassburg, he had already that month paid for his son thirteen unexpected bills, and had further advanced him marks 200, which were immediately given to a barmaid *in Bar*—(*Anglicé*, in cash). To get out of his troubles, the Student of Philosophy invented a rich French aunt, resident, he assured Herr Suessmilch, in the town of Toul, who promised that if he paid her a welcome visit she would pay his unwelcome debts.

The Imaginary Aunt

THE same evening Herr Bouilleabaise, junior, wrote a letter to the officer in command of the Toul recruiting bureau, saying that owing to hopeless love he had resolved to enlist in the Legion for five years, on condition that he was sent to Morocco, where he might die a hero's death. He signed the letter, "Peter Suessmilch, *âgé de 25 ans*," and added as postscript that as he spoke no French he would bring as interpreter his young Alsatian friend, the excellent linguist, Herr Bouilleabaise. A day later he saluted Herr Suessmilch with the announcement that he was going to Toul to see his aunt; and (after the inevitable retort about "no use going any more to your uncle") he invited Herr Suessmilch to accompany him, and receive the 175m. 82pf. on the spot. And as Toul is only half an hour by train across the frontier, Herr Suessmilch agreed.

A Broken Heart

"TOUL is a highly interesting town and fortress," said Herr Bouilleabaise, as the train steamed in; in the edifying voice of a Student of Philosophy. "*You* captured it from *us* in 1870. It's a bit early to call on my aunt, so let's have a look about." And seeing a large, picturesque building near the station, he dashed into it alone, and returned with the report that it was a veterans' home. He had met on the first floor a charming old *militaire*, who was willing to show the foreign tourists the whole institution. And he dragged Herr Suessmilch upstairs.

The Arrival

A NEW EUROPEAN REIGNING PRINCESS

By the death of her father, the Grand Duke of Luxemburg, the Grand Duchess Marie Adelaide becomes a European reigning Princess. She will be eighteen on June 14, and her mother, who is an Infanta of Portugal, will act as Regent until that date

The Interpreter

THE *militaire* sat at a table with numerous fat documents before him, and an uncommonly thin sergeant behind. He received the pair politely but formally; and immediately rained down on Herr Suessmilch numerous questions in French, of which the innkeeper comprehended nought. Herr Bouilleabaise interpreted. He told his host that the officer was asking about Strassburg, whether it still produced *paté de foie gras*, what was the illegitimacy rate, and other problems which *militaires* are usually interested in. Suddenly the *militaire* stopped questioning, and pushed a printed form across the table. "What is that?" asked Herr Suessmilch. "Only a form for the visitors' records," answered the student. "Sign it." The innkeeper signed.

HERR BOUILLEABAISE smiled sardonically. With the excuse, "I must see if dear auntie is ready," he vanished down the stairs. But when surprised Herr Suessmilch turned to follow, the sergeant's hand came down heavily on his shoulder, and there was an imperative "*Arrêtez-vous!*" The *militaire* explained—but only after another interpreter had been unearthed—that Herr Suessmilch had signed an obligation to enlist in the Foreign Legion on condition that he was sent immediately to Morocco, where he might die a hero's death. Only after two hours' consultation, with the aid of three more interpreters, the German Consul, and a doctor who swore that Herr Suessmilch was dying of consumption (of beer) was the innkeeper released. When he appeared that evening in his *Kneipe*, an uproarious chorus greeted him: "How goes it, Boniface, in Morocco?" The chorus came from such of the students as owed him no money. The others—that is about five-and-seventy per cent.—hid their faces in their tankards and wept.

The Weeping Three-quarters

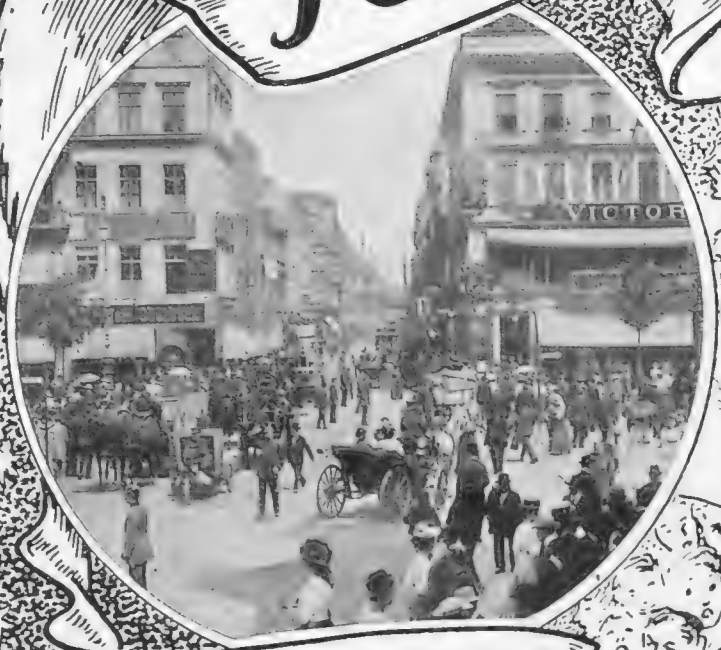
The Real Tragic Mien

MADAME LOUISA SILVAIN

Of the Comédie Française, as Electra, in the Sophoclean tragedy of that name with which the German librettist of the Strauss opera has taken such horrible liberties

Photograph *Bert*

Hubs of



BERLIN—Unter den Linden and Friedrichstrasse, meeting-place of business and pleasure, and the congesting-place of traffic in the German capital

VIENNA—The Ring, the central and site of the best buildings Austrian Kaiser-capital

NEW YORK—Madison Squa Manhattan, where Broadway the buildings

MADRID—The Puerto del Sol, the very heart of the Spanish capital, where converge the chief tram-lines and streets containing the principal shops

LONDON—Piccadilly Circus, Lo nothing new could possibly be s —and strange—is

THE CENTRAL SQUARES AND THOROUGHFARES OF

Universes

…ure,
the

…he open space in the centre of
…verges with Fifth Avenue, and
…taller and taller

…pleasure centre, of which
…at where something new
…ally to be seen

PARIS—The Place de l'Opéra, where everybody in Paris passes at least once a day, and where, it is said, every nationality in the world may be seen, if you like to sit and wait long enough

ST. PETERSBURG—The Nevsky Prospect, the chief of the Russian capital's many "lungs," and one of the finest thoroughfares in the world

…EVEN OF THE LEADING CAPITALS OF THE WORLD

Where Suffragism is Picturesque

A FEMINIST MEETING AS CONDUCTED IN FRANCE

As we have once or twice before shown in "The Bystander" in sketches by M. Réne Lelong, Suffragism, or, as it is known in France, Feminism, is by no means the cult of the masculinised female. On the contrary, it is favoured by women of grace, beauty, and fashion. Any Suffrage meeting in Paris may be as pleasing to the eye as in England it is often the reverse

FROM A PAINTING BY RENÉ LELONG

THERE are houses in the neighbourhood of Queen's Club, the like of which are to be found in no other part of London. They are heavy with stone. Great masses of concrete hang from their fronts that look as if they would at any moment pull the walls into the grey street. The windows are large, arched, and tremendously silled. Through them, by night and day, one can see from the street nothing but inky blackness. The uninhabited houses, indeed, look the gayest.

One might journey daily down one such street and never see a front door opened. Milkmen appear to be the only callers, and even they hurry away as if anxious to shake off the depression that the atmosphere of the road engenders. But if one persevered, and patrolled what I shall call Clanricarde Street daily, especially between the hours of four and five, one generally saw Dr. Digby.

Dr. Digby was a grey-haired, square, little man. His head was set too far back, suggesting a well-developed chest, which was really non-existent. He always wore a short overcoat, thick in the winter, with a tall felt hat, thin in the summer, with a very limp Panama. Every afternoon of his life he walked down Kensington High Street to somewhere or other, always returning to Clanricarde Street between four and five.

His household consisted of himself, his housekeeper, and two cats, respectively known as Romulus and Remus. These cats were very large and very old. They ate great quantities of strange food, such as dog biscuits and wet meal.

Mrs. Bisucchia was the name of Dr. Digby's housekeeper. She was the Welsh widow of a Sicilian waiter, who, curiously enough, had been murdered by a mad Anglo-Indian customer. The latter had mistaken him for the Indian curry cooker, hired at enormous expense every Thursday evening.

Mrs. Bisucchia was an accomplished cook, a by no means dull woman, and, above all, she completely understood Dr. Digby.

Here let me say something about women in general. Nothing true about them, of course, but something of the effect of woman on man.

Woman must agree with man. Otherwise man avoids her society. If she disagrees with him, her beauty becomes ugliness. A woman who argues spoils her nose, if it is so pretty that it can be spoilt. Retroussé becomes snub—all, remember, from the masculine point of view. If woman agrees with man she earns either his love or his contempt. Woman dreads the contempt of man. She would much rather be hated. Man cannot love all women. Hence the arrival of the argumentative woman. The great army of despised aspire to become an army of the hated. In other words, man's foolish contempt for the loveless women who agree with him has produced the Suffragette. To say this was necessary, and it should not spoil the story.

Dr. Digby had many love affairs in his youth, but he had never married. He was by no means handsome, but there was something in his personality that constantly attracted women. With men he was unpopular, but this he did not mind. He would rather have lived for ever on a desert island with a female deaf mute than travelled from London to Edinburgh with a talkative male companion. Nearly all the women who loved him eventually married. Only two, to his knowledge, died old maids.

Where Dr. Digby went every afternoon between the hours of three and five was very well known to Mrs. Bisucchia. She knew what was Dr. Digby's principal diversion. (He had long ago given up medicine.) It was flirtation.

An old man's flirtations are usually distressing or comic in other people's regard. Those of Dr. Digby might have been either to his few male acquaintances. But all the womanhood of Kensington enjoyed them, either as members of the cast or occupants of the front seats at the spectacle.

Mrs. Mardenham, the mother of three girls who were not old enough to flirt with Dr. Digby, welcomed him with a high note of enthusiasm. She found him "so delicately intimate." The Misses Ayrton, bonnie Scotch lassies who spent the days in motoring and golfing, literally loved him for his early English courtesy and elaborate wit. They found him a contrast to their slangy, sporting companions. The wives of the two vicars fought for his patronage at their At Homes, though he never went to church and had no views about dogma. There were many others.

Dr. Digby did not know that he was flirting. Both mentally and sartorially he bravely realised his age. He recognised the fact that women were still attracted by him, but would have been staggered to hear that at his time of life it were possible for him to inspire any essentially matrimonial emotion.

Hence his distress may be imagined on a certain grey, February afternoon, when he sat alone with a Miss Beckersteth-Arkwright and realised with a dreadful suddenness that the lady was proposing to him. She had led up to the matter very cleverly and coolly. Women do this sort of thing so well that the art of proposing should never have been confided to the male.

"I'm not sure," she commented to the Doctor, "that a man who seeks the society of women all his life and yet never marries is not a little conceited."

"I am humble, Miss Moira. And yet humility may, after all, be inspired by conceit."

"You are not humble. You know perfectly well

(All rights strictly reserved)

how women are attracted by you. And yet you treat them all, young and old, with contempt." The Doctor actually blushed.

"Miss Moira, such a thing has never been said of me before."

"Behind your back it has, I'm sure. And, perhaps, by the women who like you best."

"I should hate to think so. Because I do not marry should I, therefore, avoid the society of women?"

"Unless you wish to be misunderstood. Elderly bachelors who are not misogynists are—well, very bad form."

"Can it be possible, Miss Moira, that people are discussing my conduct, are saying——?"

"They say nothing but what is complimentary about you. But I don't think they are the sort of compliments that you would appreciate."

"I don't know that I want to be complimented."

"Ah, yes, you do. You want people to say to each other that you are entertaining, exceedingly clever and witty, the best-mannered man in Kensington, and so on. You have never thought it over. But if you did, those are the views you would like other people to have of you."

"Well, Miss Moira, and do they say the very reverse of these things?"

"Oh, no, Doctor, they express precisely those very sentiments, but—in a way!"

"In a way?"

"Yes—in a kind of a sort of a way."

"Please, please, Miss Moira, how?"

"Well, with a delicate smile or a gentle twinkle. Or they say it very drily—or with too much enthusiasm. You know. It is never said rightly—not as you would wish it said."

"Then it is said sarcastically."

"Oh no. It is meant. But the manner of its saying implies that there is something more to be said, something a little uncharitable."

"Then what do they really think of me?"

"I hardly like to put it plainly, Doctor; but it is something not very far removed from a rip."

"A rip!" The Doctor's blue eyes blazed, and he held his silver hair down with his thin fingers.

"Yes; that is, if I understand what a rip is. It's something like a rake, isn't it?"

"Really, Miss Moira, this is very exasperating. Do you know what I think? I shall have to move my quarters. I shall have to leave the neighbourhood."

"Or marry."

"Or marry?"

"Yes, Doctor."

"Do you really mean it?"

"I am in deadly earnest."

"But who? Where should I find a lady who——" He hesitated.

"Well, what must she be like?"

"Well, she must be elderly."

"Forty-five," murmured Miss Moira.

"She must be a lady."

"We are a military family," whispered Miss Moira.

"And she must be very sympathetic—a woman who can understand my ways and whims. It is too late for me to alter them."

"What is your Christian name?"

"John. Why?"

"I shall have to call you that."

"You!"

"Yes, John. If you review your acquaintances you will agree that I am the only one suitable."

"Miss Moira. I—er—I don't know what to say."

"Don't say anything. Kiss me."

She laid her grey curls on his shoulder and he did.

Five minutes later two of the Doctor's most valued friends saw him enter the saloon bar of a public-house!

Dr. Digby returned home that evening late for his dinner and smelling of brandy. He seemed so miserable that Mrs. Bisucchia had not the heart to reprove him.

He did not eat much dinner, but soon went to his study and sat by the fire. He did not fill his pipe, but sat holding the arms of the chair as if he were afraid of falling.

An hour of mental agony passed. Then Dr. Digby pressed the bell to summon his housekeeper.

Mrs. Bisucchia appeared almost at once. It seemed as if she had been waiting on the landing for the summons which she knew must come.

Entering the room she at once sat down and settled herself comfortably without being asked. Instinctively the woman knew that something serious was afoot.

Dr. Digby broke it abruptly, as if despairing of ever succeeding in doing anything else.

"Mrs. Bisucchia, I am engaged to be married."

The little Welsh woman's hands clenched, but she sat motionless.

"Well, Mrs. Bisucchia, you say nothing. This will make a difference to you."

"Why should it?" She spoke very hardly, and there was a glitter in her eyes which Dr. Digby did not notice.

"Well, my future wife may wish to—engage someone else."

"Would you let her?"

"I would do my best to keep you."

"Who is she?"

"Miss Moira Beckersteth-Arkwright."

"The one with the two brown dogs and the elastic boots?"

"She has two brown Pomeranians. I have never noticed her feet."

"Do you think you'll be happy?"

"I might." He spoke spiritlessly and wistfully.

"You won't. There's a bit of the cock-sparrow in you now. That'll get knocked out. She'll turn you into a rat—a miserable little rat."

"Mrs. Bisucchia, you must not speak like that. I realise that you have been with me for very many years, but I cannot allow such freedom."

"Will you get your freedom from her?"

"Certainly. Why not?"

"Why have you done it?"

"Mrs. Bisucchia, this interview is at an end."

"No, it isn't. I've worked and slaved for you and been your—best friend for twenty years. I've a right to know something about it. Why have you done it? Weren't you happy alone?"

"Yes, yes, I was happy; very happy."

"I know you were. I know your nature so well. Why are you going to risk abject misery?"

"Mrs. Bisucchia, my reputation."

"Your what?"

"It seems I am getting a bad name in Kensington.

(Continued on page 500)

Eurydice—aux Cieux!

THE HEROINE OF "ORPHEUS IN THE UNDERGROUND" TO ENTER A STATE OF—BLISS?

Photograph] MISS VIOLA TREE [*Lallie Charles*

The talented and stately daughter of Sir H. Beerbohm Tree, whose engagement to Mr. Alan Parsons, son of the Rev. F. W. Parsons, Vicar of Tandridge, has just been announced. Miss Tree, besides an impressive stage presence, possesses a fine voice, which was heard to advantage when she played Eurydice in Gluck's "Orpheus" at the Savoy Theatre. She also made a big hit in the burlesque on this opera, the recent production of "Orpheus in the Underground" at His Majesty's Theatre. Mr. Parsons is engaged in journalism

(Continued from page 498)

Old bachelor—always in women's society—not married and not a misogynist—(that means a woman-hater, Mrs. Bisucchia)—ought to get married—elderly lady. She suggested it. My duty. Wasn't it? I do—oh, I do value my reputation!"

"So that's it. I guessed as much. The cat!"

"Mrs. Bisucchia, please, I beg of you."

"So you're going to be humbugged with a story like that?"

"I'm afraid it's true."

"What if it is true? If the place is too hot for you ——" Mrs. Bisucchia did not trouble to suppress a smile—"can't you move?"

"I thought of that, but decided against it. It would be a confession of guilt, a confession that I should no longer embarrass my friends by staying in a neighbourhood where they might meet me."

"Then you've made up your mind finally."

"Absolutely!"

"To marry and bring that woman here?"

"Yes."

"Then you shan't. If you marry anybody, you'll marry me!"

"Mrs. Bisucchia!" The Doctor leapt out of his chair. "You too. Two in one day! Good heavens!"

"Yes, I too, Doctor. If you marry at all I must be dealt with first. You knew that. You have a bad memory, Doctor. It's twenty years ago, perhaps, or nearly. I swore I'd never be a nuisance. But I'm damned if I'll let another woman be a nuisance in my place. I'm the only woman that ever understood you. You with your silly, sentimental flirtations—that's all you live for. It's the only diversion you ever had. I could stand all that, because I knew how harmless it is. Would any other woman stand it? I vow they wouldn't. I can serve you, and no one else can serve you I've got the right, haven't I? What other woman has?"

Dr. Digby passed his hand over his forehead and gazed at his housekeeper in a dazed sort of way.

"What was that, Maggie? . . By Jove, yes! . . Twenty years ago. . . Yes, yes. . . You've got the right. . . God bless my soul, Maggie. How odd! . . I'd forgotten. And you've been a good woman and a good friend."

He went to the mantelpiece and shakily picked up his pipe. Then, after a long, ageing while for the woman, he came towards her.

"Quite right, Maggie. It's off. You and I, then. And we'll go away."

The woman's face glowed, and she held out her hand. The sleeve of the right arm was turned up.

The old man of sixty gripped her hand, and looking at the bare, red arm, presently bent and kissed it.

Romulus and Remus got cream for supper.

EVERARD MAKINS

A STUDY IN STAGE PERPLEXITY
Miss Sarah Brooke in "The Easiest Way"
(By Dudley Hardy)

Aintree's One Alternative

THE CHELTENHAM COURSE FOR FUTURE GRAND NATIONALS?

Cheltenham Steeplechase Course

The picturesque grand stand with stewards' observation tower on top. The lawn slopes down to the course, and is edged round with flowers and shrubs

THE National Hunt Steeplechase annual meeting, which was inaugurated in 1861, takes place this year at Cheltenham on March 13 and 14, and promises to be more than ordinarily successful. The course at Cheltenham is, without doubt, one of the most charmingly situated in the kingdom, as it is placed in a valley overlooked by the beautiful Cotswolds. So good, indeed, is the course, and the fact that it is a four-mile one, that there is a strong consensus of opinion that should it ever be the fate of the Grand National to be run elsewhere than at Aintree, there is only one place where it could possibly be run with any chance of success, and that is at Cheltenham. Rumours are in the air that the value of the land at Aintree for commercial purposes is now so great that there may be the bare possibility of the time arriving when a change of place for this now historic race will be necessary. As distinct from the Aintree course, spectators have at Cheltenham an uninterrupted view of the races—at any rate, of the short course—from start to finish, owing to the natural lay of the ground and the excellently arranged stands. The course itself, alongside of which a railway station is being erected, has had over £2,000 recently expended on its elaborate drainage, so that the going this year should be first-rate. The committee are presenting a programme of twelve events, of which the National Hunt Steeplechase of 1,000sovs. for five-year-olds and upwards over a course of four miles is the most important on the first day. Cheltenham will be very gay during the third week in March, for, in addition to the races, a race ball is being arranged for the night of the 13th. The committee is composed of well-known local gentlemen, with Mr. Agg-Gardner, M.P., as chairman, and Captain de Pledge as secretary, while the list of patrons includes all the Masters of Hounds for miles around, the National Hunt Committee, and stewards and patrons of the Cheltenham Steeplechase Club.

The Second Fence

Showing height in comparison with human figures

[Photographs] **The Water Jump at Cheltenham** [*Leonard Willoughby*

The Cheltenham Course is named in our article as a possible substitute for the Grand National

Jump Opposite the Grand Stand

Through which horses cannot brush, as a man is able to walk on the top of it

The First Open Ditch into the Country: A Formidable Jump

The Critical Attitude

Applied to the Affairs of the World in General

By Ford Madox Hueffer

MR. GALSWORTHY AND THE PROBLEM OF POVERTY

The Plays of Galsworthy

For myself personally, Mr. Galsworthy's *The Pigeon* is the most satisfactory of all his plays. It is the most satisfactory because it is the most suggestive. I am told that this is an instance of bad taste on my part, and I daresay that Mr. Galsworthy would agree. The other plays of Mr. Galsworthy—more particularly *Justice* and *Strife*—I am told, are more tremendous, overwhelming, earnest, and convincing. They may be, but, personally, I have found the *Silver Box*, *Joy*, and *The Pigeon* infinitely more suggestive. *Joy* I really enjoyed immensely, and it was rather valuable in our moralising age because of the governess who wandered through in the play, exclaiming to everybody, "Yours is a special case," and that is the whole moral of life.

The Poverty Problem

That is why all moralisations are ineffectual, and why no morality ever covers any real man or any set of real men. For, to put the matter allegorically, the morality of a weekly paper cannot be the morality of a quarterly, and it is no good expecting it to be so. Each is a special case. So it is with the problem of poverty, which is very finely and very gaily suggested in *The Pigeon*. The problem of poverty—the whole problem—can never properly be solved because each poor man, each destitute woman, and every pauper child is a special case. Disease more than anything else causes poverty. Misfortune will break a man's back and render him shiftless, the crimes of others will turn a man into a hopeless wastrel. Let me give an instance.

Forty-one in a Week!

There was a time when I began a certain business. During the first week my office was visited by forty-one beggars, each of whom really appeared to be the victim of misfortune—of the general misfortune of belonging to an overcrowded profession of losing their jobs. Most of them had once been quite capable in their own profession. Most of them, it is true, had sought the only consolation of the workless in these days—the consolation of drink. Let me instance one case—of course, it was a special case; but, then, so were they all. This was a man whom I will call X. I should like to ask you how you would have dealt with him.

A "Wild One"

X had occupied an honourable position in an honourable profession somewhere in the Midlands. He had been promoted to a position just as honourable and much more responsible somewhere on the South Coast. I know this to be a fact, for, on the first occasion when he came to beg of me, I sent him away whilst I telephoned to his former employers, who assured me that he had been a most excellent, hard-working, and abstemious individual. His former employers, however, had retired from business, and their offices were occupied by an entirely new set of men. But, during his employment in the South of England, X, one Saturday afternoon, had taken a bicycle ride. A motor-car had come behind him, had knocked him down, had run over both his legs and both his arms, and had broken them so that he remained for the rest of his life an almost hopeless cripple, unable to do more than just drag himself about. The motor-car had gone on without staying to attend to him, and he never found any trace of who had committed this crime. He lay for eighteen months in a hospital supported by a benevolent association attached to his profession. When he came out he had exhausted all that he could expect to receive from this association; he was penniless; and in that eighteen months the entire face of his profession had changed.

The Descent

It was nothing but new organisations, new men, new methods. I was so struck with poor X's story and by the sight of his miserable, crippled figure that I telephoned at once to the benevolent head of a large business and, representing X's case in urgent terms, I secured a position for him that brought him in £5 a week. In less than a fortnight X was back with me. His employers had done their best for him, but he was a hopeless drunkard. And one could hardly blame him for being a drunkard since he lived in continual pain owing to his accident. I found him another position after having carefully warned the people who were ready to employ him about his infirmity. He was to receive £3 a week. That position he was turned out of on the second day because he was too intolerable a drunkard. And after that he just drifted. He came to beg of me twice a week, and, after he had begged of me, I could see him drifting round to beg of—Mr. Galsworthy.

Why Omit the Church?

He was an intolerable nuisance, but what in the world was to be done with him? Is there anyone who can answer that question? Certainly not I; certainly not Mr. Galsworthy; certainly not the policeman at the corner; certainly not the Charity Organisation; hardly the Salvation Army; possibly the nuns of the Society of Saint Vincent de Paul. It is to me rather significant that in *The Pigeon*

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Mr. Galsworthy mentions neither the Salvation Army nor the Church as possible solutions of the problems of poverty. Probably he thinks that they too nearly resemble in their methods the "Pigeon" of his own play—the man of infinite toleration and of infinite, fatalistic sympathy. For nobody *knows* anything about the problem of poverty and its cure. But the Little Sisters of the Poor, and possibly the Salvation Army, know an immense deal about the amelioration of such poverty as exists.

Delegation

If, in England, the State is not prepared to pay attention in some such way to every individual case of poverty, then the State can only delegate its functions. At present it delegates its functions to local authorities, which are just States, a little smaller, a little more mechanical, and much more oblivious of the claims of the individual. That is why it is better to be in a gaol than in a workhouse.

Subsidise Experience

And it seems to me that, for any satisfactory results at all to be achieved, the State should either leave the matter of poverty alone altogether or should subsidise generously and largely the Salvation Army, the Church of England, or the Little Sisters of the Poor. For the point is that any and all of these institutions are distinguished by the fact that they pay personal attention to individual cases and they have no system. For such a body as the Charity Organisation Society, with its systems that, pretending to deal with individual cases, end only in forming rules that are administered in a spirit of callousness and scepticism—such an organisation appears to me to be almost damnable. I do not mean to say anything whatever against the motives or the honesty or the absolute integrity of anybody connected with this and kindred societies; all that I dislike is the application of system to individuals.

S.A. Methods

The methods of the Salvation Army, as far as I understand them, are as follows: A Salvation Army officer, who is usually rather an emotional person, is instructed to say to a poor man: "Brother, you are a chap down on your luck, just as I might have been. You come in here. You aren't obliged to come in, but if you do you will have to observe certain rules. You will have to work; you will have to be sober; but you won't be preached at individually, though there will be plenty of preaching along general lines, and you won't be treated as an inferior except in so far as the discipline of the work of the moment calls for it." Now that does really seem to me to be a decent and efficient way of dealing with a poor man. Of course, I have heard objections made to the Salvation Army. Its methods are theatrical; its finances are said to be unsound. But if that is the case it seems to me that it is the business of the State to make the finances of the Salvation Army, or something akin to the Salvation Army, sound—and without interfering with its methods. For let me again repeat that the absolute necessity in dealing with existent poverty is attention to the individual.

FORD MADOX HUEFFER

Photograph] THE HANGMAN'S BRIDGE AT NUREMBERG [*Knox*

This bridge was built during the erection of the Royal Palace in the twelfth century. At that time the country was ravaged by bands of robbers, some of whom were in the pay of the owners of the castles around. Count Barbarossa erected gallows on this bridge to strike terror into the hearts of the marauders, who used to sail up the River Tegnitz and attack the merchants

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The Literary Log

Rolled by Ralph Straus

G. K. C.

What a very mad book Mr. G. K. Chesterton can write when he chooses! He must have met a great number of very mad people in his time. I expect if any of them were to die by their own hand, the jury would bring in a verdict of "Suicide during Temporary Sanity." Mr. Chesterton does not like suicide; he likes Life with an enormously capital L, Life with Beer and Fun and Food and other odd things of the kind. He would like to play Æolus. Perhaps he is doing that in his *Manalive* (Nelson: 2*s.* net), which is as freakish a nightmare as ever found its way into print. Now a nightmare, of course, need not mean anything at all, and, therefore, whatever Mr. Chesterton has here written by way of explanation must be taken as a generous concession to ordinary people. There is, indeed, not only an explanation (characteristically it fills about three hundred pages), but also an Idea, a somewhat startling, though fundamentally sober, Idea — the two together giving the book such coherence as it possesses. They take the place of that totally unnecessary *plot*, after which so many earnest and persevering authors are striving so hard. "Plot me no plots," thinks Mr. Chesterton, and invents a Mr. Innocent Smith as a substitute. Mr. Smith's laudable mission is to wake people up, and, in approved Chestertonian fashion, he does so with a revolver. "I want to walk the world," he says, "like a wonderful surprise—to float as idly as the thistledown, and come as silently as the sunrise; not to be expected any more than the thunderbolt; not to be recalled any more than the dying breeze. . . . I am going to hold a pistol to the head of the Modern Man. But I shall not use it to kill him—only to bring him to life."

VERILY AN AUTHOR OF BREADTH

Mr. Guy Thorne, also known as Ranger Gull, whose new book, "The Drunkard" (Greening: 6*s.*), is reviewed this week. Opinions differ whether Mr. Thorne (or Gull) has progressed since his earliest works of fiction

Man Very Much Alive

Accordingly, the nightmare opens with one of those preposterous winds which blow people's hats into other people's faces and cause so much innocent amusement to people whose hats have not yet blown off. This particular wind, incidentally, blows Mr. Innocent Smith's hat into a suburban garden, and follows up its success by the more difficult feat of blowing Mr. Innocent Smith himself into the same garden a few moments later. Then things happen. Mr. Innocent Smith picks up his hat with his feet, and starts to have a good time. He inaugurates picnics on roofs, and discusses the cosmos and fires his pistol at a man who annoys him. All goes well until a foolish young lady, lodging in the same house, takes it into her foolish young head to imagine that Mr. Smith is insane. The very idea is revolting, but learned doctors arrive, and agree with the foolish young lady's opinion, and prepare to take Mr. Smith to an asylum as a homicidal lunatic. But a bright young man suggests that there shall be a mock trial in the suburban house, and a trial there is—of the kind in which legal undergraduates revel. Various documents dealing with Mr. Smith's strange past are "put in," and I think he is acquitted; but although I put down the book but a half hour ago, I cannot be certain on the point. This, however, is entirely immaterial. Mr. Smith is a success, and his history ends with some fresh gusts of wind. Then you wake up. To criticise such a book would be about as hopeless a task as an attempt to multiply sixty sheep by ten volumes of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. But you may remember the Idea—and ponder awhile.

Drink

Mr. Guy Thorne continues to write his entertaining, but rather lurid and melodramatic, Tracts for These Evil Times, and no doubt his latest, *The Drunkard* (Greening: 6*s.*), will find a large public. The drunkard is one Gilbert Lothian, a famous poet, married to a saint of a woman, and cursed with inherited alcoholic tendencies. His character is sketched

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very powerfully indeed, though I am not at all sure that his confession in the final chapter will convince many people—it seems so unnecessarily sentimental. Mr. Thorne has a great belief in the powers of heredity, and his book shows how two men, differently placed in the world, gifted with different brains, but sons of the same father, himself a drunkard, will follow the same unfortunate path. Lothian's half-brother had been hanged for the murder of his wife in a drunken frenzy, and Lothian, not altogether to your surprise, commits the same crime under similar conditions. Mr. Thorne is determined to lay on his colours with the thickest possible brush; he has all the available medico-legal details ready for your inspection; and there are learned authorities waxing wise at the head of his chapters. But it is all just in the least hysterical, and far too long. In places you feel that Mr. Thorne is frightened lest you will not believe him, and so he goes out of his way to impress you with the unalterable truth of everything he says. Also he has a habit of sermonising—a bad thing for a novel. Certain scenes, however, are very well told, and the story whiles away an hour or two pleasantly enough.

Mr. Clouston's New Book

His First Offence, by J. Storer Clouston (Mills and Boon: 6*s*.), will make you laugh. It is a delicious skit on the modern detective story. To give away the plot were ungracious, but the book is just a rollicking comedy of errors such as only the truly ingenious brain of Mr. Storer Clouston could have devised. The appalling, yet ludicrous, adventures which an alleged murderer and his supposedly dead, not to say dismembered, wife are forced to undergo, owing to a Bishop's love of good cooking, are related in a particularly high-spirited fashion. And the author has a pretty sense of satire. Altogether it is one of the funniest books published since *The Lunatic at Large*. I recommend it to the Home Secretary and other serious people.

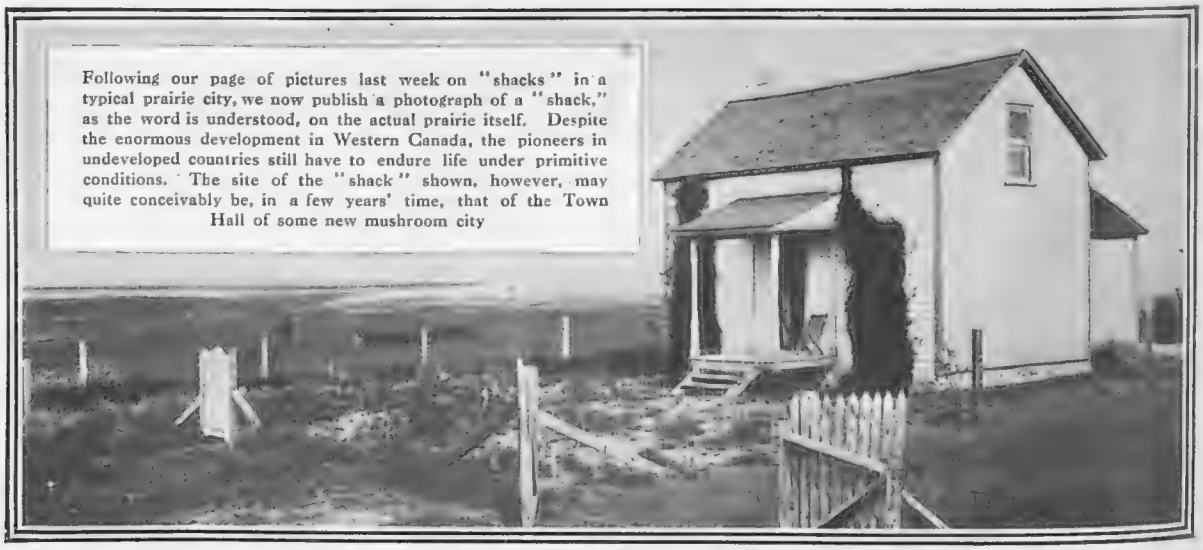
Ruritania Rediviva—With a Difference

Mr. Anthony Hope has a great deal to answer for. His discovery of Ruritania, some years ago, considerably altered the map of Europe as seen by the novelists of to-day. Two new countries, for instance, in the neighbourhood of those useful Balkans, have been surveyed, and pretty thoroughly surveyed, by Mr. Christopher Stone for his new novel, *The Shoe of a Horse* (Chatto and Windus: 6*s*.). At first sight it would seem that the book contained little but Mr. Hope's materials—a vagrant English nobleman, a small country (with map) called Paria, fighting against its overlords and neighbours, the Terranians, a Pretender-King, a fair rebel who is really a Princess, a General, O'Raine by name, who is at first disguised as his lordship's valet, and half a dozen other features of the kind. And when Lord Mervyn is mistaken for the King, you feel that Mr. Stone has surely gone a little too far along the familiar road. But this road ends very early in the book, and henceforth there is good, exciting romance of the kind which, when skilfully related, as here, reads like fact. The people in Paria are not puppets, and there is a charming love-story. Also, there is a surprising *dénouement*, which leaves Lord Mervyn and his betrothed free to return to England after Paria's rebellion is at an end. Mr. Stone writes very easily, and he makes you believe in Paria, a fact upon which he is to be congratulated.

"The Anarchists"

It seems that those curious people, the Anarchists, have never had a whole book devoted to their gory deeds, and Mr. E. A. Vizetelly now makes good the omission in *The Anarchists* (John Lane: 10*s*. 6*d*. net). It is an interesting, if slightly repulsive, record, in which Mr. Vizetelly does not make the mistake of expressing a bias, but contents himself by a straightforward account of the more important movements which have been rising during the last half-century, and some half-dozen life-sketches of the criminals (or martyrs—in case any readers of THE BYSTANDER prefer the word) who have been to the fore. These creatures seem inevitably to have been eaten up with a kind of abnormal vanity, and one victim is, so far as I can see, as good as another. Where and when it will all end, I do not know, but it is, perhaps, reassuring to find Mr. Vizetelly having a quiet laugh at the expense of those novelists whose plots depend largely on some wonderful international organisation. (You know the kind—they meet alternately in St. Petersburg and the Cromwell Road.) In any case, it all seems very foolish; but, then, so few of us are kings. If only your Anarchist would kill some untitled people I could name——! RALPH STRAUS

Following our page of pictures last week on "shacks" in a typical prairie city, we now publish a photograph of a "shack," as the word is understood, on the actual prairie itself. Despite the enormous development in Western Canada, the pioneers in undeveloped countries still have to endure life under primitive conditions. The site of the "shack" shown, however, may quite conceivably be, in a few years' time, that of the Town Hall of some new mushroom city



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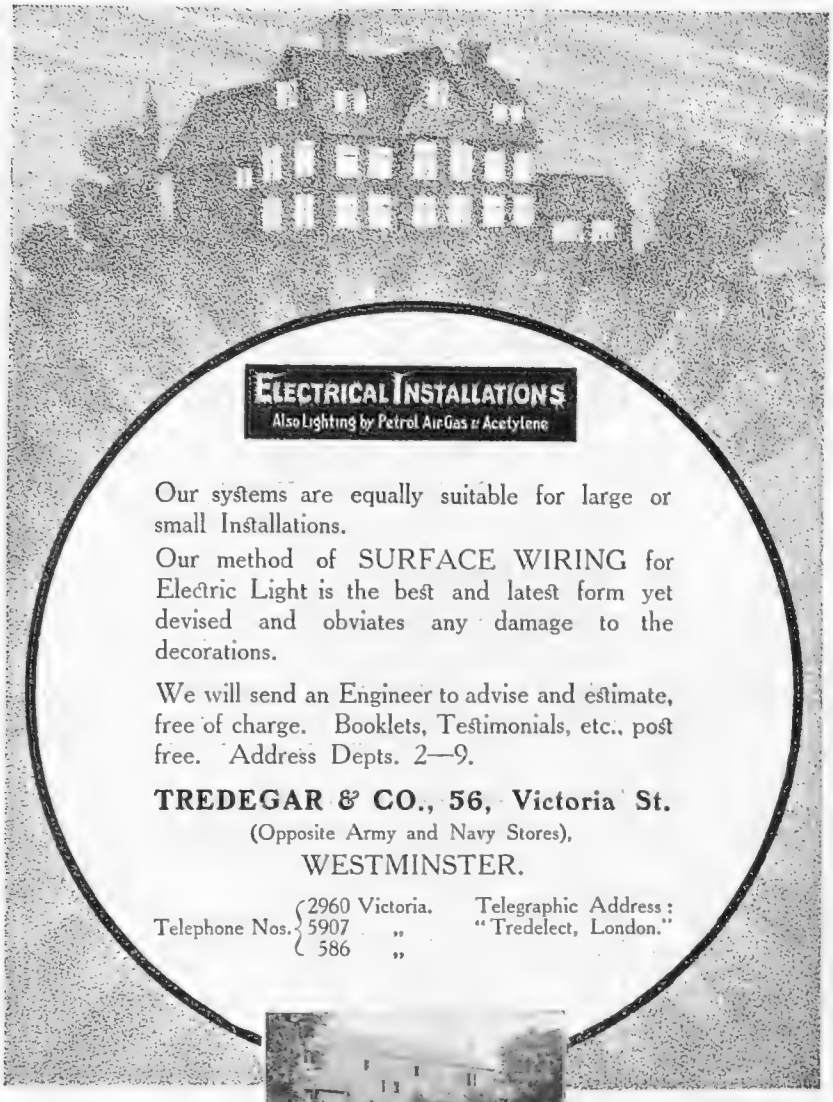

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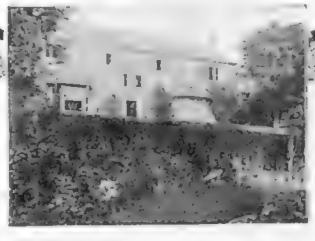

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In the presence of King George and the Prince of Wales the Navy beat the Army at Queen's Club on Saturday by 16 points to 8

RUGBY FOOTBALL

The Navy and Army Play Before the King

At Queen's Club on Saturday, for the first time in the history of the game, a "Rugger" match was honoured by the presence of the reigning Sovereign. It was the Navy *v.* the Army match upon which this distinction was appropriately conferred. King George, who was accompanied by the Prince of Wales, saw as fine a match as could possibly be hoped for under the conditions, for it rained from the start and kept on raining harder and harder till the finish, so that the ground and the ball became so slippery that it was difficult to do anything properly. In the first half, before the full effects of the downpour had begun to be felt, the play was well up to the high standard set by previous encounters between the Services; it was fast, open, enterprising, desperately keen, and yet never unduly vigorous. During this time the Navy secured a lead of 13 points to 5, not because of any marked superiority in any particular department of the game, but because they were just a shade quicker and smarter all round. They had just that little extra pull over their rivals in pace and cleverness which often means many points.

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His place-kicking of the greasy ball was a feature of the match

How the Navy Won

After half-time handling and passing became more and more difficult, and very often it was largely a matter of luck what happened to the ball. It paid better to dribble or to kick and follow up than to pass, and the way in which both sides adapted themselves to the conditions was admirable. Here again the Navy had a very slight advantage, though it was not sufficient to enable them to increase their lead. Each side scored an unconverted try of the "rush" type, and so the Navy won by 16 points to 8. The Army were expected to have the pull at half-back with Pym and Gardner, probably because little was known in London of Davies, who "stood off" to Oakley for the Navy. As a matter of fact, Davies was a conspicuous success, and although Pym was the most useful back on the Army side, it was pretty level pegging in attack between him and Oakley, who was rather the better served of the two by the forwards in front of him. In the second half, too, Oakley was dribbling like an Association forward. The Navy three-quarters as a line were faster than the Army four, and Royle was the best of them. Lyon, the Navy full-back, took a little time to settle down, but was magnificent.

THE 'VARSITY HOCKEY MATCH

According to Precedent

We are accustomed to surprises in contests of all kinds between the 'Varsities, and the knowledge that they are always likely to occur is the salt of Inter-'Varsity competition. But last Wednesday at Beckenham we had a surprise which can only be described as a surprising surprise. Cambridge, according to the book, were one of the best teams either 'Varsity had turned out for several seasons; Oxford, *per contra*, were one of the worst. This was really about the size of it a week before the match took place. And yet on the day Oxford won by three goals to one, and won, too, fairly on their merits. They underwent an eleventh-hour change, but, as it turned out, this unavoidable rearrangement worked well; Hosie was one of the successes of the day. But the man who really turned the scale in Oxford's favour was Marcon, the captain, who played inside left. In pace, stick-work, and passing he was easily the best man

THE 'VARSITY HOCKEY MATCH: OXFORD GET OUT OF A TIGHT PLACE
The match, which was played at Beckenham last Wednesday, ended in a surprise victory for Oxford by 3 goals to 1

on the field, and the example he set inspired the whole forward line. They played with a dash and a determination to "get on with it" which was far more effective than the juggling methods of the Cambridge men, which looked pretty enough, but generally ended in their being robbed of the ball. Saville, their lightning "shootist," was the best of them, but for once in a way he was not shooting at all accurately. At half-back, too, Oxford, contrary to expectation, had the pull, and no fault could be found with them except that

Photo Topical
ROBINSON, THE CAMBRIDGE CAPTAIN, CHIPS IN UNEXPECTEDLY AND SPOILS A PASS

A GOOD SPECIMEN OF MARCON'S CLEVER STICK-WORK

indeed. Dalley, the Cambridge goalkeeper, for the same reason, was more conspicuous than Cryan, because he had a far hotter time. If the Oxford total had been larger by a goal or two he could not have been blamed. Taken as a whole, the game served to justify the soundness of the maxim, "Nothing like a little judicious bustling." 'Varsity men seem to know how to play hockey which is robust without being rough or foul; and when you can do this—it pays.

Photo News Illustrations
A CLEVER CAMBRIDGE PASS UNDER DIFFICULTIES

in the second half they were inclined to hit too hard. The Cambridge backs were more highly tested than their *vis-à-vis*, and emerged from a trying ordeal with credit, their clearing with the reversed stick on several occasions being very fine

THE CAMBRIDGE CAPTAIN TAKES A SHOT: WHAT ABOUT "STICKS IN THE CIRCLE"?

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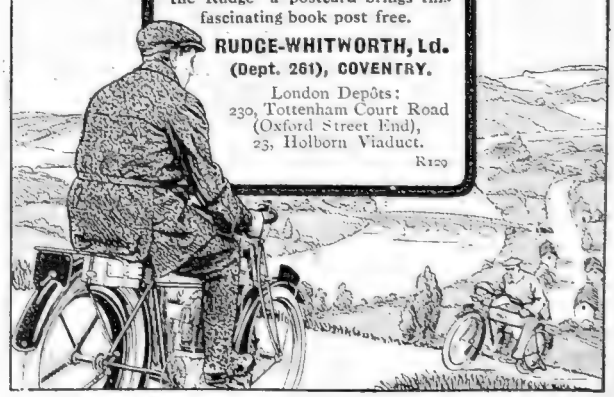

RACING: Soldiers at Sandown. BY CARBINE

Riding at the Grand Military

Occasionally one hears it said that horsemanship in the British Army is on the downgrade. From what could be seen at the Grand Military meeting last week I doubt whether there is any such decline. Certainly the riding in the race for the Gold Cup on Friday, taking it all round, was as good as anything seen in this race in previous years, and nobody could have wished for a more thrilling or better-ridden finish. Captain the Hon. R. Bruce was expected to smother Mr. E. H. Wyndham when it came to the race home neck-and-neck on the flat, but the Life Guardsman fairly excelled himself, and by a short head won a tremendously exciting race from Ebonette, who belongs to Mr. D'Arcy Edwardes, the son of Mr. "Gaiety" Edwardes. The lengthy soldier well deserved the salvo of congratulations and cries of "Well ridden, sir!" which greeted him on his return to the paddock. People had suggested that Another Delight would be too much of a handful for him, but as it turned out the horse could not have been better managed.

A Successful Meeting

Socially, the big gathering at Sandown Park was as successful as usual, and the weather turned out badly each day about an hour after racing had started. Still, this did not damp the enthusiasm of the soldier-riders, of whom neither Captain George Paynter nor Captain Noel Newton gained a success at the meetings, though each had several tries. The big hurdle race on Saturday for the Imperial Cup proved a very good thing for Meridian, and I expect Mr. G. A. Prentice and his friends had a pretty substantial win, the winner having been backed down to a comparatively short price in a big field. The actual contest was not so exciting as that for the Gold Cup had been, as Meridian always looked a winner after rounding the bend for home.

This Week's Racing

Fair interest attaches to the racing this week. At Gatwick on Wednesday the chief event will be the International Hurdle Race, which may be won by **Himan,** and on the following day my selection for the Tantivy Steeplechase is **Savannah II.** The scene will be changed on Friday to Windsor, where Mr. Leopold de Rothschild, whose colours are seldom seen in the van at this game, may secure the Bracknell Hurdle Race with **Fop.** On the second day the Claremont Steeplechase may fall to **Bruton.** There will also be good racing at Hooton Park, in Cheshire, at the week-end. My selections are **Herbert Vincent** for the Hooton Park Hurdle Race on Friday and **Moonstruck** for the Great Cheshire Steeplechase on the next day.

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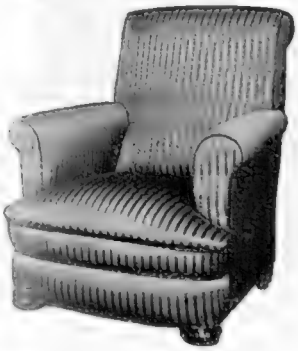

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GOLF.

To See or Not To See

HITHERTO we have left freak golf to our American cousins, in whose case it was pardonable, seeing that the game has but such a short history in the States. But that in furtherance of a crazy idea emanating from a metropolitan school of golf we should have to suffer the degradation of a mountebank exhibition on a famous course is a distinct trial to our patience and forbearance. I suppose the recent blindfold match between Toogood and Mr. Tindal Atkinson is another example of the subtle uses of advertisement; if so, the engineers have been hoist with their own petard. For a more ludicrous and melancholy fiasco than that provided by the match can hardly be conceived. Toogood, who is an extremely fine player, with a pretty style, when allowed the use of his eyesight, fell a ridiculously easy victim to Mr. Tindal Atkinson, a good scratch player, and only managed to halve three out of the first eleven holes, the match ending at the eleventh hole with the professional Oedipus eight down and seven to play. I am glad to say that I did not see this unworthy exhibition in which a great player was set the impossible task of proving an untenable and crazy theory.

Photograph *Sport and General*

MIDDLESEX v. SURREY: THE MIDDLESEX TEAM

This inter-county match at Worplesdon last Thursday was won by Surrey by 5 matches to 2

The Steady Head Maxim

Some years ago in this journal I had the temerity to lay down the axiom that in teaching a beginner, or correcting the faults of a player temporarily off his game, it is much more important to insist on his keeping his head steady than on his keeping his eye on the ball. If the player keeps his head steady it is almost certain that his eye will remain on the ball till he has accomplished his stroke. I learnt this simple wrinkle from a great player who once told me that in judging of the comparative merits of strange players he always plumped for the one who kept his head the steadiest during the stroke. When you come to look at the matter reasonably it is obvious that keeping the head steady and keeping the eye on the ball stand towards each other in the relation of cause and effect. If the head is unsteady it is almost impossible for the eye to remain on the ball. But to turn this obvious proposition topsy-turvy and to say, as the supporters of Toogood said, that so long as the head is kept steady it does not matter a "tinker's cuss" what the eye does is a pernicious and dangerous heresy which, I trust, has received its crushing quietus at Sunningdale.

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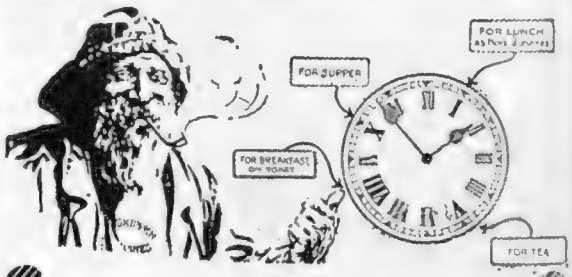

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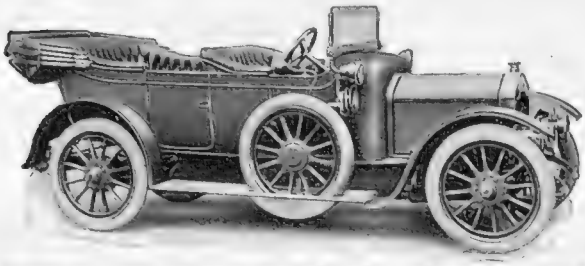

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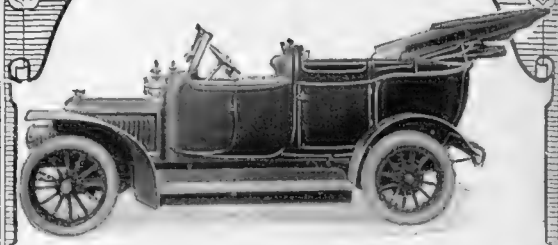

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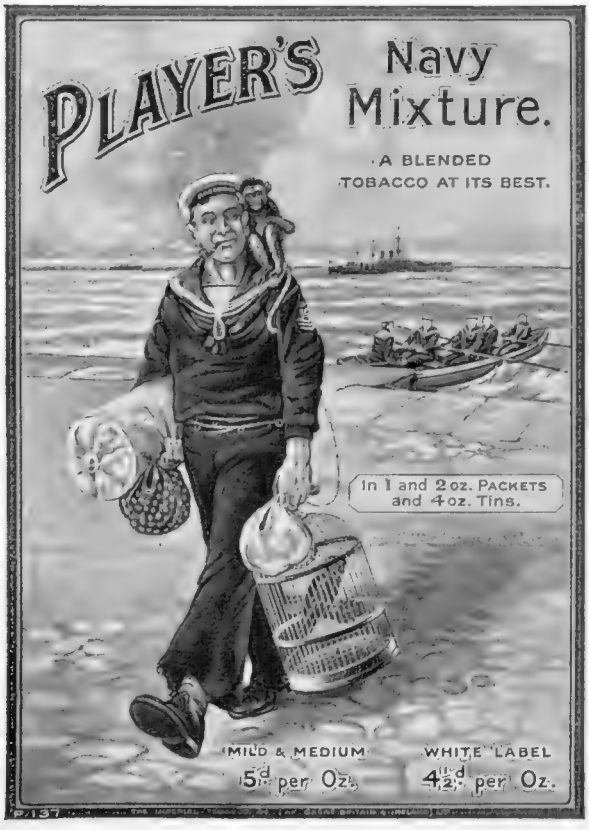

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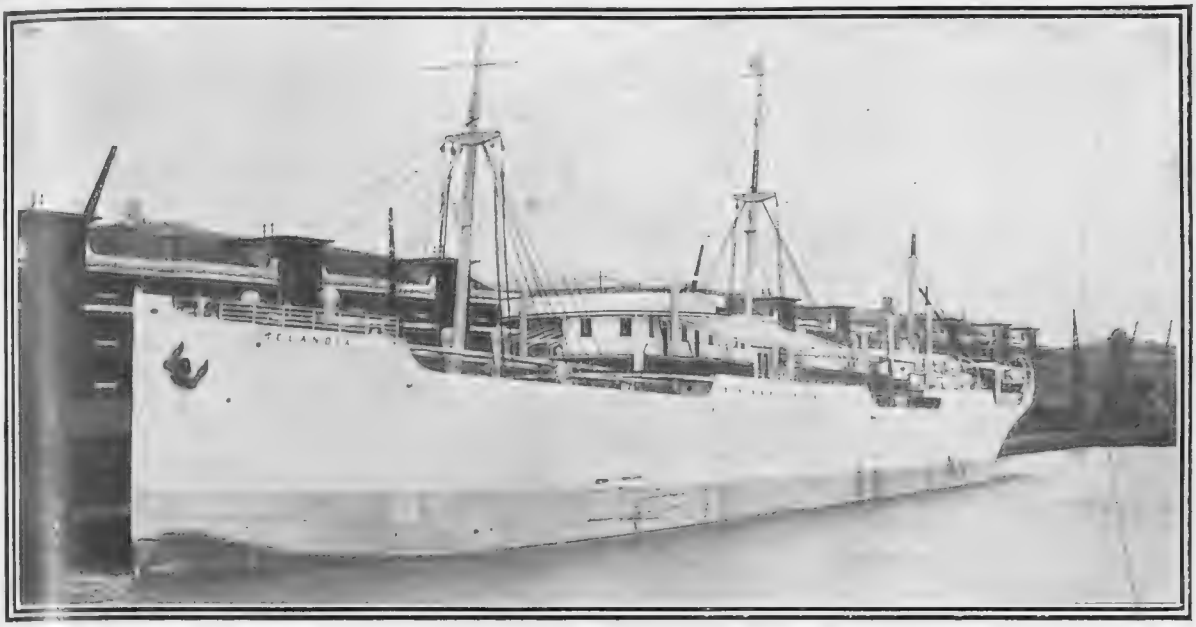


THE COMING OF THE MOTOR LINER

The "Selandia," built for the Danish East Asiatic Company and now on her maiden voyage, arrived at the West India Docks recently, having greatly impressed the experts by the way she lived through the rough weather encountered from Copenhagen. Propelled by Deisel engines and burning a crude oil, her funnel-less lines are exceedingly striking. She may fairly be regarded as harbinger of a possible revolution in sea transport

MOTORING: BY LAND, SEA, and SKY

BY ALEX. J. M. GRAY

Concerning Trolly-'Buses

The R.E.T. Construction Company, Ltd., has construed the comment under an illustration of a Continental trolly-'bus which appeared in these pages recently, into a disparagement of the system. Mr. Herbert H. Bathurst, the secretary, sends me, therefore, a courteous little note and an illustrated pamphlet descriptive of the advantages of this method of transport generally, and of the R.E.T. (Railless Electric Traction) vehicle in particular. For both of these I offer thanks, and in reply tender the assurance that I am quite alive to the fact that a trolly-'bus system, having no permanent way to construct or maintain, can be run much more cheaply than a tramway system. I am also aware that it surmounts some of the traffic-congesting difficulties of the tram by possessing considerable powers of deviation which, although limited to the length of the trolly-pole, are generally equal to the breadth of a street, so that the 'bus may dodge about in traffic where the opportunity offers, while the tram is held fast to its fixed track, impotent to clear an obstruction in front, but very potent in causing a block in the rear.

A MONACO "RALLYE" PRIZE-WINNER

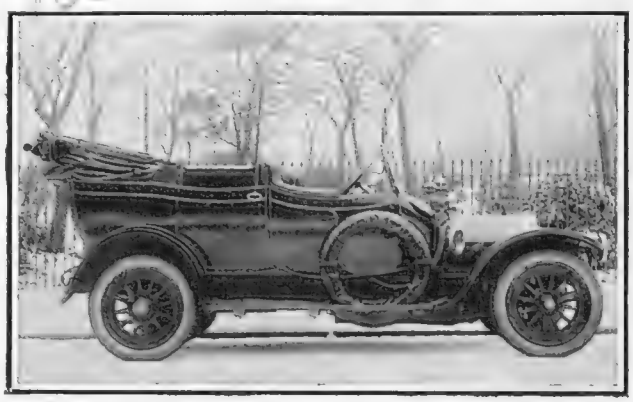
M. Paul Meunier's 40 h.-p. Delaunay-Bellville, which won the third prize in the International Monaco Rallye recently. The car carried eight persons, and ran through from Havre without incident, relying upon Michelin Twin tyres

A Recital of Advantages

These things I know. I also know that the trolly-'bus has a starting advantage over the self-contained vehicle propelled by the internal combustion engine; that its power picked up from the trolly wire is immediately and economically variable to the requirements of a constantly changing load, whereas the motor-'bus has to do its best by the aid of a clutch and what Henry Ford called "that mechanical crime," a gear-box, labouring all the time under the obsession of large engine-power, even when running light and with precious little reserve for any over-load demand. I know, too, that the cost of working is much less (I believe the estimate is one-half) for the trolly-'bus than for the motor-'bus. I am aware that the R.E.T. system has been adopted by sundry and divers corporations; that it is "British-made and British-owned"; that it is fully patented. Nevertheless, I make acknowledgment of the courtesy of the reminder by the R.E.T. Company, place the facts on record, and add of my own volition that, in my opinion, the R.E.T. system is one upon which Great Britain may justly plume itself.

The Perfect ROAD Vehicle

I hope it is now clear that my picture-title which raised the matter was certainly not intended to disparage the trolly-'bus. At the same time, I do not forget that it is held rigidly to the roads above which its wires are fixed; that overhead wires (two conductors are necessary to secure a return circuit in the absence of road rails) are an eyesore and an affront; that in congested roads the power of deviation from the straight line is of little use in practice, while in roads comparatively clear the tram is not a serious obstruction to other vehicles of the public service order. It was these things, mainly, I had in mind when I titled that illustration. I was regarding the matter from the point of view of the convenience of the private motorist, for, and by whom, this section of the paper is conducted. So far as he is concerned, a change from trams to trolly-'bus would make no material difference. From the point of view of the general public the question is one of cost, and there the trolly-'bus undoubtedly scores. That is hardly in dispute. At the same time, the trolly-'bus is confined to the route of its wires, and in that single fact is at enormous disadvantage by comparison with the unfettered mobility of the self-contained mechanically propelled road vehicle. Only these can fully attain to the perfect *road* vehicle of the future. And when we remember the enormous advance they have made in the last few years; when, to confine ourselves to service vehicles, we observe the nice profits made by motor omnibuses recently, we may quite fairly indulge the hope of their early final triumph over their comparative handicaps of the present.



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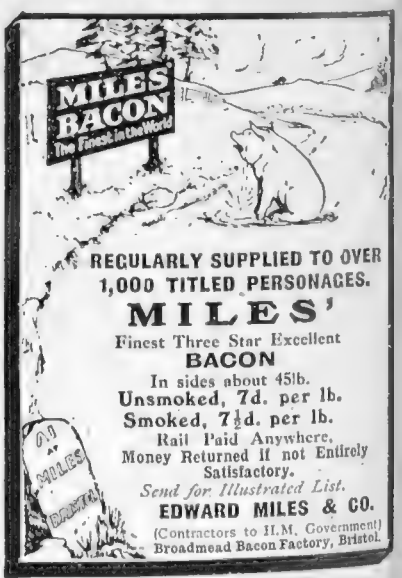

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CHISLEHURST.—TO BE LET, UNFURNISHED, OR SOLD, substantially and expensively built RESIDENCE, in quite exceptional order throughout, and fitted with every convenience, including electric light. It stands well away and secluded from the road, in over 5 acres of well-timbered grounds, with delightful views. Fine lounge hall (24ft. by 18ft.), 3 excellent reception rooms, handsome full-sized billiard room, 10 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, servants' hall, etc. Superior stabling for 6, garage, and rooms over. 2 tennis lawns, asphalt tennis court, fruit and kitchen garden, woodland and paddock. Rent, £250 per annum. Price, £8,000.—Inspected and strongly recommended by HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

ON PINE-CLAD HILLS.

Commanding one of the finest views in the South.

DUE SOUTH ASPECT. BRACING AIR.

SEVENOAKS AND LIMPSFIELD (between).—Price, £2,800 Freehold; Unfurnished, £120 per annum (open to offer).—Delightful old-fashioned RESIDENCE, occupying a secluded position in about 3 acres of

GRAND OLD-WORLD GARDENS.

Beautiful walled-in flower garden, terraced lawns, tennis court, shrubberies, pergola, prolific fruit and kitchen gardens, small paddocks.

Large hall. 3 reception rooms. | *12 bed and dressing rooms. Bath (h. and c.)* | *Conservatory. Complete offices.*

Stabling for 3. Gardener's cottage. Excellent society.

GOLF. HUNTING. SHOOTING.

—Apply, HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

2 FINE GOLF COURSES
within 3 miles.

PRICE, FURNISHED, £2,400; UNFURNISHED, £1,600.

High situation, on gravel soil.

HARROGATE.—MODERN DETACHED RESIDENCE, in best residential quarter, with South aspect. Entrance and lounge hall, drawing and dining rooms, conservatory, 8 bed and dressing rooms (the largest suitable for billiard room), bathroom, butler's pantry, and usual offices. Company's water.

GAS. ELECTRIC LIGHT. TELEPHONE.

Motor garage and workshop. Well-laid-out garden, rock garden, good lawn, etc. Very good hunting and shooting in the district. The furniture is of good quality and very artistic.—Details of HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

NEAR SEVERAL GOLF COURSES.

Electric light. Telephone.

SURREY (within easy daily reach of Town in a very popular district), 'midst

LOVELY COUNTRY.

Enviably positioned RESIDENCE for SALE, at the very moderate price of £4,500.

9 bedrooms. Bathroom. | *3 good reception rooms.* | *Ample offices.* | *Servants' hall.*

DELIGHTFUL GROUNDS

of 1½ acres.—Personally inspected and strongly recommended by HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

Offices: 2 & 3, COCKSPUR STREET, PALL MALL, S.W. *Branch Office at Wimbledon.*

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KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY

Offices: 20, HANOVER SQUARE, LONDON, W.

Also New York, Winnipeg, Sydney, and Victoria (B.C.)

BETWEEN BYFLEET AND WOKING.
50 MINUTES FROM TOWN, 1 MILE FROM STATION.

TO BE SOLD, OR LET, FURNISHED, for the Summer, the above artistic RESIDENCE, pleasantly placed in well-timbered grounds of 7½ acres. It contains: lounge hall, dining room, oak-panelled drawing room, 7 bedrooms, bathroom, etc.; electric light; Company's water; stabling, garage; Badminton and tennis courts, rose garden.

SEVERAL GOLF COURSES WITHIN EASY REACH.

—Full particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W. (5,353)

500FT. ABOVE THE SEA.

ASHDOWN FOREST (occupying a magnificent position, surrounded by the forest and within easy reach of the famous golf course).

TO BE SOLD, A BEAUTIFUL RESIDENTIAL ESTATE,

with a well-built modern RESIDENCE, delightfully placed on a South slope, with views of great extent. The accommodation comprises: lounge hall, billiard room, 4 reception rooms, 22 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, ample domestic offices; stabling for 10, garage; 4 cottages; useful farm-buildings; delightful gardens and grounds, full-sized croquet lawn, 2 tennis courts, rose and fruit gardens, woodland, and productive meadow-land, in all about 90 ACRES; more land could be purchased; there is excellent coarse fishing.—Full particulars of the Agents, Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, London, W. (5,245)

SUSSEX.
IN ONE OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL PARTS OF THE COUNTY.
45 MINUTES FROM LONDON.

TO BE LET, FURNISHED, FROM THE SPRING, FOR 6 TO 7 MONTHS, this fine ELIZABETHAN MANSION, standing in a beautiful park, and approached by two drives with lodge entrances. The accommodation comprises: oak-panelled lounge hall, billiard room, suite of reception rooms, 25 bedrooms, bathroom, etc.; electric light throughout; heated by hot water; certified drainage; there is ample stabling and accommodation for men.

SHOOTING OVER 1,800 ACRES

can be rented; a fair average game bag would be about 3,000 pheasants, 200 duck, 2,000 rabbits, besides partridges, hares, woodcock, etc.

GOOD FISHING

on the Property; there are fine old lawns, long shady walks, tennis courts, croquet lawn, ornamental ponds, and productive kitchen garden.—Full particulars of the Agents, Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W. (F 852)

KENT AND SURREY BORDERS.
AMIDST SOME OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL SCENERY IN THE HOME COUNTIES. 650FT. ABOVE SEA LEVEL.

TO BE SOLD, the above old-fashioned RESIDENCE, standing in finely timbered grounds of 14 acres. The accommodation comprises: hall, 4 reception rooms, 9 bedrooms, 2 dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, etc.; Company's water and gas; modern drainage; the grounds contain some fully grown Wellingtonias, cedars, cypresses, etc.; there are full-sized croquet lawn, 2 tennis courts, orchards, etc.; stabling, garage, and coach-house, etc. —Particulars of KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Sq., W. (5,320)

IN THE HIGH COURT OF JUSTICE.
THE COOMBE LODGE ESTATE,
NEAR BRENTWOOD, ESSEX.

THE HOUSE stands about 400ft. above sea level, on gravel soil, and the views extend to the Kentish Hills, fully 25 miles distant. The accommodation comprises: lounge hall, dining room, drawing room, study, ante-room, and billiard room, 19 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, etc.; gas laid on; Company's water; excellent stabling, coach-house, lodge and cottages; the pleasure grounds are finely timbered and of an exceptionally varied character, with great quantities of roses and rhododendrons, and comprise about 23 acres, and the whole Estate to about 207 acres.

The Property will first be offered as a whole, and if not disposed of, in Lots as follows:—

Lot 1. The House, grounds, and park, about 67 acres.
Lot 2. The farm-buildings and cottages, etc., about 123½ acres.
Lot 3. The pair of interesting old cottages, known as "The Wallets."
Lots 4, 5 and 6, comprising together about 17 acres.

DATE OF AUCTION, MARCH 20, 1912.

—Solicitors, Messrs. CROSSE and SONS, 7, Lancaster Place, Strand, W.C.; Auctioneers, Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, London, W.

FISHING. SHOOTING. GOLF.

SOUTH DEVON (occupying a beautiful position, 3 miles from a station).—

TO BE LET, UNFURNISHED,

the above RESIDENCE, standing in a well-timbered park, and containing: lounge hall billiard, 5 reception rooms, 17 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, etc.; electric light; stabling for 7.

SHOOTING OVER 3,400 ACRES.

Beautifully timbered grounds, tennis court, rose garden, kitchen garden, etc. —Further particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W.

TELEPHONE NOS: Mayfair 2777 and Gerrard 6852. Yeovil 43.

WILSON & GRAY

TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESSES: "Wilsogra, London." "Wilsogra, Yeovil."

THE OLDEST ESTABLISHED AND PRINCIPAL AGENCY FOR

TUDOR, ELIZABETHAN, AND OLD-FASHIONED PROPERTIES of interest for SALE or for LETTING, Furnished or Unfurnished. Owners and Applicants *can obtain expert and reliable information and advice.*

THE CHEAPEST PROPERTY IN THE WEST OF ENGLAND.

SOMERSET. — FOR SALE, a singularly beautiful PROPERTY of about 15 acres.

BEAUTIFUL OLD-FASHIONED HOUSE.

12 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, hall, 4 reception rooms; stabling; lodge.

GRAND OLD GARDENS AND PARK.

South aspect. Superb view.—Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount St., London, W., and Yeovil.

TO BE LET, FURNISHED, FOR A TERM OF YEARS.

WILTS (8 miles from Salisbury).—To be LET, Furnished, the above old-fashioned RESIDENCE, in a fine situation, 500ft. above sea level, with fine open views. Accommodation: 15 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, 4 reception rooms, good domestic offices; stabling for 6 horses, coach-house, etc.;

BEAUTIFUL OLD GARDENS,

shaded by fine trees, with tennis and croquet lawns, flower beds, etc., and well-stocked kitchen garden; shooting over 500 acres; golf links near. —Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, Grosvenor Square, W., and at Yeovil.

"OTLEY HALL," NEAR IPSWICH.

SUFFOLK (in a perfectly rural position).—For SALE, or to be LET, Furnished or Unfurnished,

A GENUINE OLD FOURTEENTH-CENTURY MOATED RESIDENCE

of great historic interest, recently restored, and now in first-rate order. Herringbone brickwork, diamond pane glazing, oak timbering.

BEAUTIFUL OLD LINENFOLD AND OTHER PANELLING.

MASSIVE OLD CARVED OAK BEAMS.

Lounge hall, 3 or 4 reception rooms, ample domestic offices, 10 or 11 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms; hot-water heating; modern drainage; good water supply; good stabling; garage.

Well-timbered gardens and grounds; excellent farmlands, with house, buildings, and 5 cottages. Total area about 297 ACRES.

SOLE AGENTS—WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, Grosvenor Square, London, W. Inspected and strongly recommended.

RESTORATION OF OLD-WORLD PLACES. —WILSON and GRAY prepare plans and specifications for the renovation and restoration of old Houses and Mansions at *moderate fees.* WILSON and GRAY have, by careful study and considerable *practical experience*, gained extensive knowledge in this special branch of their business, and if desired they will be pleased to arrange for clients to inspect either work completed or work now in hand. *Owners are respectfully invited to consult Wilson and Gray respecting contemplated improvements.*

NEAR BURR HILL GOLF COURSE.

SURREY

(35 minutes by train from Town).

FOR SALE, **£2,000**, FREEHOLD, OR,

TO BE LET, FURNISHED. — A beautiful HOUSE, set in charming old gardens of about 3 acres: 6 bedrooms, bathroom, 2 reception rooms, lounge hall, good domestic offices; electric light; telephone; 2 miles from the river.—Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, London, W.

FINE OLD TUDOR MANOR HOUSE.

TO BE LET.

OXFORDSHIRE. —The above beautiful old TUDOR MANOR HOUSE, situate in a good position for hunting with the

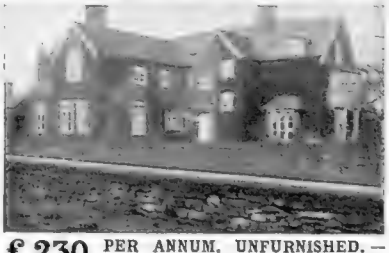
HEYTHROP AND BICESTER PACKS.

Accommodation: 12 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, 3 reception, and billiard room, *oak-panelled hall, good domestic offices; excellent stabling;* exceptionally attractive gardens and grounds; electric light; *modern sanitation*, good water supply;

3 MILES OF TROUT FISHING; 400 ACRES OF SHOOTING.

—Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, Grosvenor Square, W., and at Yeovil.

IN THE CENTRE OF THE ATHERSTONE HUNT.



£230 PER ANNUM, UNFURNISHED. — Beautiful old-fashioned HOUSE, replete with every convenience, including

ELECTRIC LIGHT, TELEPHONE;

12 bed and dressing rooms, 3 bathrooms, 3 reception rooms, good domestic offices; stabling for 9; garage; 3 cottages; finely timbered grounds of about 15 acres.—Personally inspected and recommended by the Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, London, W.

ON THE VERGE OF THE INVIGORATING WILTSHIRE DOWNS.

600FT. ABOVE SEA LEVEL.

£100 PER ANNUM for a delightful old MANOR HOUSE: 3 reception, billiard, 7 bedrooms, bathroom; good gardens with wide spreading lawns; 5 loose boxes; cottage.—Apply, WILSON and GRAY, 20, Princes Street, Yeovil, and 100, Mount Street, London, W.

WILTS, DORSET, SOMERSET, HANTS, CORNWALL, DEVON.

WILSON & GRAY, OF LONDON AND YEOVIL, are Agents for the more important Properties now available in the above Counties. Lists will be sent gratis on receipt of requirements.

IN THE CENTRE OF THE PYTCHLEY HUNT.

To be LET, FURNISHED or UNFURNISHED, with 1,500 ACRES OF SHOOTING.

NORTHANTS.—Handsome stone-built RESIDENCE, standing in finely timbered park, through which it is approached by long carriage drive. The accommodation comprises: *17 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms*, 3 reception rooms, billiard room, ample offices; first-class stabling for 14; exceedingly pretty gardens and grounds, with walled kitchen garden and paddock. —Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, Grosvenor Square, W.

CLOSE TO BEAUTIFUL SURREY COMMON WITH GOLF LINKS.

500FT. ABOVE SEA LEVEL ON SOUTH SLOPE.

FOR SALE.—A singularly attractive modern HOUSE, surrounded by delightful grounds of about 3 acres: *3 reception rooms, billiard room, galleried hall, 9 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, complete offices;* stabling for 3, garage; secluded position;

ONLY 20 MILES FROM LONDON.

—Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, London, W.

ON THE COTSWOLD HILLS.

500ft. above sea level, with beautiful and extensive views.

TO BE LET, FURNISHED, for a Year or less, or, TO BE LET UNFURNISHED.

GLOS. (in a favourite neighbourhood).—The above picturesque old stone-built HOUSE, partly dating from A.D. 1350, most tastefully furnished and fitted with every modern convenience. Accommodation: 9 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom (h. and c.), 4 reception rooms, good domestic offices, with servants' hall; ample stabling; cottages;

Electric light, radiators, modern sanitation, unfailing water supply;

finely timbered old-world gardens, with tennis and croquet lawns, kitchen garden, and 15 acres of meadow and wood land; hunting with the Heythrop, Warwickshire, and North Cotswold Hounds.—Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, W., and at Yeovil.

Offices: 100, MOUNT ST., GROSVENOR SQ., LONDON, W.; and at 20, PRINCES ST., YEOVIL (Western Counties Branch)

Telegrams: "Everything, London" Telephone: Western 1 (60 lines).

HARRODS (LTD.)

ESTATE AGENTS — BROMPTON ROAD, S.W. — AUCTIONEERS

A GREAT BARGAIN.
BY ORDER OF THE EXECUTORS.
PRICE REDUCED FROM £3,500 TO £2,600.

HANTS, within a few miles of Winchester on high ground, COMMANDING LOVELY VIEWS, approached by a long carriage drive, and surrounded by EXCEEDINGLY PRETTY GROUNDS OF 3¾ ACRES: lounge hall, 5 reception, 10 bedrooms, bathroom, servants' hall; stabling.—Inspected and strongly recommended by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

A GREAT BARGAIN.

SURREY HILLS (London 40 min., 600ft. up).—To be SOLD, a very attractive FREEHOLD PROPERTY, in a delightful position. EXCEPTIONAL VIEWS: 7 bedrooms, bath, hall, 3 reception, etc.; exceedingly pretty grounds, 1 acre; gas laid on; golf near; House 120 yards from road. PRICE, REDUCED FROM £3,250 TO £2,500.—Personally inspected and unhesitatingly recommended by the Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (10,485)

THE CHANCE OF A LIFETIME. ONE OF THE GREATEST BARGAINS OF THE DAY.

£1,250 WILL PURCHASE a thoroughly Up-to-date COUNTRY RESIDENCE, 1 mile from a main L. and S.W. Ry. station and only 40 minutes of London: 3 reception, 8 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom; and pretty grounds of nearly 2 acres.—Inspected and strongly recommended by the Sole Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

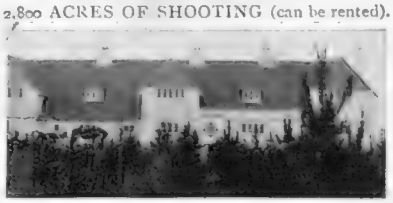
FISHING IN RIVER TEST AVAILABLE.

£1,650 WILL BUY an ideal Little HOUSE, well built in the bungalow style, only 1 mile from 2 stations, on outskirts of old-world village: entrance hall, 3 reception, 6 bedrooms, bathroom; stabling for 2, large coach-house; excellent 6-roomed cottage; grounds of about 1 acre.—Inspected and strongly recommended by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

ONE OF THE CHEAPEST PROPERTIES IN THE MARKET. PRICE, ONLY £12,000.

BERKS, in a lovely district between Reading and Basingstoke, 250ft. above the sea level, and COMMANDING PANORAMIC VIEWS. It is approached by a long carriage drive, and is surrounded by EXCEEDINGLY PRETTY GROUNDS, with tennis and other lawns, shrubbery walks, rose garden, wilderness, kitchen and fruit gardens, and parklike paddocks of 19 ACRES, and extra land up to 50 ACRES with farmery and cottage can be had: lounge hall (32ft. by 18ft. 9in.), drawing room (22ft. by 22ft.), dining room (27ft. 10in. by 19ft. 6in.), morning room (25ft. by 20ft. 6in.), 16 bed and dressing rooms, servants' hall, housekeeper's room; ample stabling; several cottages; hunting, shooting, fishing, golf.—Inspected and strongly recommended by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

A REALLY CHEAP PROPERTY.
2,800 ACRES OF SHOOTING (can be rented).



NEW FOREST (in one of the highest and prettiest parts).—To be SOLD, an attractive COUNTRY HOUSE in a high and healthy position.

COMMANDING LOVELY VIEWS.

3 reception rooms, 9 bedrooms, bathroom; stabling, cottage; GROUNDS AND LAND OF 30 ACRES. PRICE, ONLY £3,500.—Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

TO BE LET, FURNISHED.

EXCELLENT SHOOTING AND 3 MILES FISHING BY ARRANGEMENT.

ASTON-ON-CLUM, amidst some of the most beautiful scenery in Shropshire.—To be LET, Furnished, the above charming RESIDENCE, containing: 7 bed and dressing, 3 reception rooms; stabling, garage; delightful SHADY GROUNDS; excellent social neighbourhood.—Further particulars, etc., Messrs. HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (F 7,561)

CHELTENHAM (2 miles).—Only £300 PER ANNUM, FURNISHED, including gardener. To be LET, a charming old-fashioned RESIDENCE, containing: 14 bed, 2 bath, 4 reception; stabling, garage; telephone, [illegible]; beautiful gardens; FINE VIEWS; hunting, polo, shooting, golf. Genuine bargain.—Further particulars, Messrs. HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (F 3,744)

HAYWARDS HEATH (with its excellent train service to Town).—To be LET, Furnished, a charming RESIDENCE, containing: 8 bed, bath, 3 reception, BILLIARD ROOM, etc.; stabling, garage; 2 ACRES ground, 5 ACRES grass, tennis lawns, etc.—Rent, photo, and further particulars, Messrs. HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (F 1,411)

NORTH WALES.—Only £300 PER ANNUM, Furnished, including 2,000 ACRES SHOOTING, 400 acres cover, 6 MILES FISHING. To be LET, a CASTELLATED RESIDENCE, 400ft. above sea, approached by ½ mile carriage drive, and containing: 16 bed and dressing, 4 bath, 4 reception rooms; stabling; lovely old grounds.—Photos, etc., Messrs. HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (F 8,604)

"HOMES FOR ALL."—No. 1 of G.W.R. New Quarterly RESIDENTIAL GUIDE and Property Register for London's Western Borderlands now ready. Includes Time Tables, excellent map, and many illustrations.—Copies free at principal London offices, or from Mr. C. ALDINGTON, Superintendent of the Line, G.W.R., Paddington, postage 3d.

OFFICES TO BE LET.

STRAND.—OFFICE on second floor to be LET, opposite St. Clement Dane's Church.—Apply, Box 321, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis House, Whitefriars, E.C.

TORQUAY (BEST POSITION).

TO BE SOLD, part Freehold, part long Lease, whole comprising about 3 acres. HOUSE, approached by picturesque drive, containing: 9 bedrooms, 3 reception rooms, conservatory, bathroom (h. and c.), and all usual offices; beautifully laid-out but inexpensive grounds, part pine copse. Altitude 300ft. above sea; South aspect, commanding fine views over Torbay. Greenhouses, stabling, motor-house, etc. Price, £3,000.—Apply, FRANK WALDRON, Auctioneer and Surveyor, Market Place, Evesham.

ROSE HALL, BUNGAY, SUFFOLK.—This Georgian RESIDENCE, standing in grounds of over 3 acres, to be LET, Furnished, containing: lounge hall, 3 reception, 8 bedrooms, bath (h. and c.); garage, tennis lawn; South aspect; 10 minutes golf links and river.—Particulars, H. C. BILES, Estate Agent, Bungay.

MARDEN, KENT (with Main Line Train Service).
HEATING BY RADIATORS. MODERN SANITATION.
GAS LIGHTING. COMPANY'S WATER.
EVERYTHING OF THE VERY BEST.

A VALUABLE FREEHOLD COUNTRY HOUSE (built on 2 floors), containing: 8 bedrooms, bathroom, 2 staircases, large hall, 4 reception rooms, and ample offices, with servants' hall; very superior stabling and garage, outbuildings, superior cottages for coachman and gardener. Well-planted Gardens and Park Land, in all 17a. 1r. 4p. To be SOLD.—For further particulars apply to BRACKETT and SONS, Estate Agents, Tunbridge Wells, and 34, Craven Street, Charing Cross, W.C.

TO LET IN PORTIFINO, ITALIAN RIVIERA.—For Winter and Spring months, completely furnished HOUSE; modern comforts, central heat; splendid position facing sea; garden. 600 lires monthly (£24).—Apply, AURELIA BASSO, 10, Settembre Street, Genoa, Italy.

BY ORDER OF TRUSTEES.
AT AN UPSET PRICE OF £1,200.
HYDE PARK.
DESIRABLE TOWN RESIDENCE.

NO. 2, CLIFTON PLACE, SUSSEX SQUARE, situate close to the Park, within 5 minutes of Lancaster Gate and Praed Street Stations, and containing: 8 bedrooms, 4 reception rooms, and the usual domestic offices. Held for unexpired term of 24¾ years. Ground Rent, £20.

Messrs. DANIEL WATNEY and SONS will offer the above for SALE, by AUCTION, at the Mart, Tokenhouse Yard, E.C., on Thursday, March 21, 1912, at 2 o'clock precisely.

Particulars, with conditions of Sale, may be obtained of Messrs. SIMPSON and BOWEN, 36, New Broad Street, E.C., and of the Auctioneers, 33, Poultry, London, E.C.

FOR SALE, with immediate possession, "THE HOMESTEAD," BENENDEN, Kent; close to the pretty village green, church, and post office. A good, square, 12-roomed HOUSE, with stabling, well-sheltered gardens, tennis lawn, and 3 beautiful meadows (7a. 2r. 25p.).—Apply to Messrs. WINCH and SONS, Cranbrook, Sole Agents for the owner.

CANADA.—For SALE, 3 established FARMS, in the highest state of cultivation, within 30 miles of Winnipeg, with a good train service, especially suitable for mixed farming or dairying, there being great demand in the city of Winnipeg for milk. They have been worked as 1 farm, but could be sold separately as a half-section, 340 acres and 2 quarters each 160. Proprietor now in this country, having had serious illness, wishes to retire from farming. He returns early in March, and could accompany and instal purchaser.—Apply, Box R, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis St., E.C.

TELEGRAMS: "Mercoral, London."

F. L. MERCER & CO.,

7, SACKVILLE STREET, PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.

TELEPHONE No. 1579 Gerrard.

PRELIMINARY ANNOUNCEMENT.

By order of Sir Robert Hamilton Lang, K.C.M.G.

"THE GROVE," DEDHAM,
NEAR COLCHESTER.
75 MINUTES FROM TOWN.
IN CONSTABLE'S COUNTRY.

SPACIOUS, SUBSTANTIAL, and attractive old-fashioned brick-built RESIDENCE, in excellent order throughout, approached by beautiful avenue drive (300 yards long): noble hall, 12 bed and dressing, bath, billiard, and 3 large handsome reception rooms, including ball-room (50ft. by 20ft.); nearly

30 ACRES,

lovely pleasure grounds and undulated finely timbered park; stabling for 5; cottage; hunting.

Messrs. F. L. MERCER and Co. beg to announce that they have been favoured with instructions to OFFER the above exceptionally attractive and historical Property for SALE, by AUCTION, at the Mart, Tokenhouse Yard, E.C., early in the Spring (unless previously sold by private treaty). Photos and full particulars on application.

OXFORDSHIRE (near Banbury).—A MOST PERFECT AND HEALTHY LITTLE ESTATE of 15 ACRES. Charming Residence: good hall, 4 reception, bath, 9 bedrooms;

BEAUTIFUL PLEASURE GROUNDS;

excellent stabling; never failing water supply; good hunting. Price, £5,250.—Sole Agents, F. L. MERCER and Co., as above.

BETWEEN CANTERBURY AND FOLKESTONE.

CLOSE TO A STATION, 400ft. high, 'midst beautiful country.—A charming old half-timbered SIXTEENTH CENTURY RESIDENCE, with old oak beams and open fireplaces: lounge hall, 3 large reception, bath, 7 bedrooms; excellent stabling; very pretty pleasure grounds; farmery, cottage, and

35 ACRES OF PARKLANDS.

Bargain, £3,000.

—F. L. MERCER and Co., as above.

REIGATE (near).—The above picturesque old-fashioned RESIDENCE for SALE, substantially built and in excellent order throughout. It contains: 9 good bed and dressing rooms, bath, and 4 large reception rooms.

FULL OF OAK.

Heated throughout; all modern improvements; capital stabling for 5, with men's rooms and garage; cottage; charming grounds and pasture-land, 4 ACRES; hunting and golf.—F. L. MERCER and Co., as above.

IN THE BLACKMORE VALE HUNT.
GOOD SOCIETY. POLO. GOLF.
SHOOTING. TROUT FISHING.

SOMERSET ('midst beautiful scenery).—A charming OLD-FASHIONED STONE-BUILT RESIDENCE: large lounge hall, 4 reception, bath, 12 bedrooms; long drive with pretty lodge; excellent stabling, men's rooms; beautifully timbered and well-matured grounds and park-like paddocks of

14½ ACRES.

Bargain, £4,500.—F. L. MERCER and Co., as above.

A UNIQUE OPPORTUNITY.

£1,750 (including much valuable timber) will PURCHASE one of the choicest and cheapest ESTATES in the market. Near main line station, and

THE FINEST PART OF THE NORTH CORNWALL COAST.

DELIGHTFUL OLD-FASHIONED STONE-BUILT RESIDENCE, in perfect order and repair: 3 reception, 8 bed and dressing rooms, large attics; carriage drive ½ mile long.

LOVELY OLD-WORLD GROUNDS,

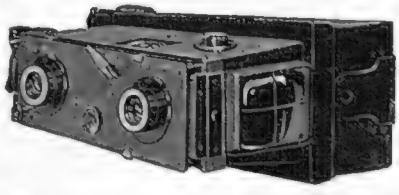
charmingly wooded; capital farmery; good stabling; abundant water supply; light soil.

23 ACRES.

—Personally inspected and very strongly recommended by the SOLE AGENTS, F. L. MERCER and Co., as above. Photos, plan, etc., on application.

Write, this day, for the Verascope Camera list No. 3 — it is free —

There is no photography that vies with the Stereoscopic. The ordinary paper prints are "flat," poor, and lifeless compared with stereoscopic pictures, in which every detail of each figure, tree, or leaf can be viewed standing out in the same bold relief as in actual life. Anyone who has never shared in the joys of Stereoscopic photography should pay a visit to Jules Richard, Verascope House, 27, New Bond Street, W., where they will see Stereoscopic pictorial gems all of which have been created by amateurs with the Verascope Camera. This Camera is so simple to work that a child can learn quickly to produce beautiful photographs of lasting delight. Therefore write for List No. 3 to-day.



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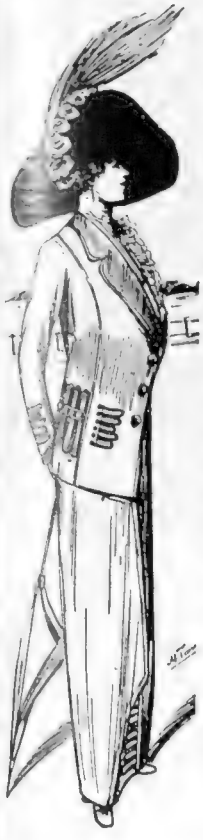

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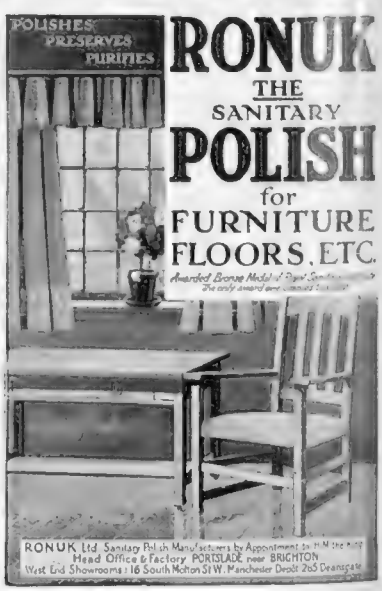

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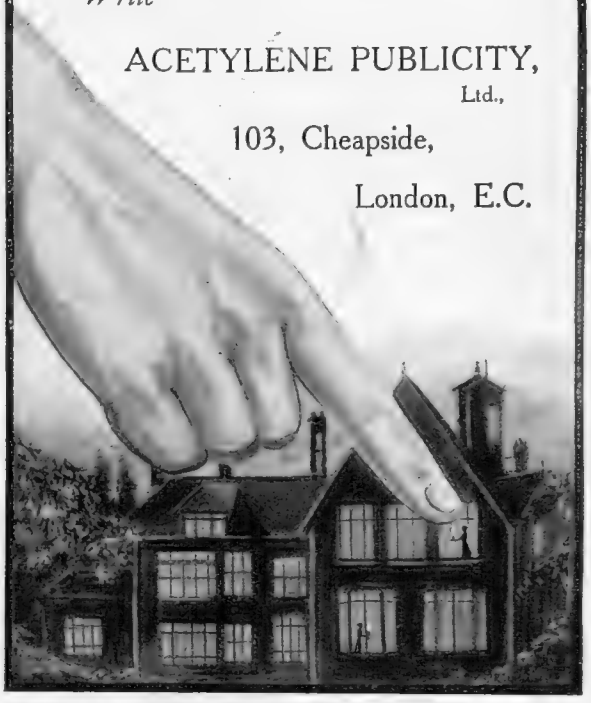

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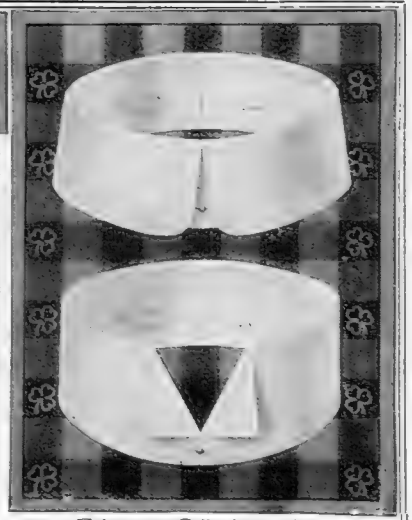

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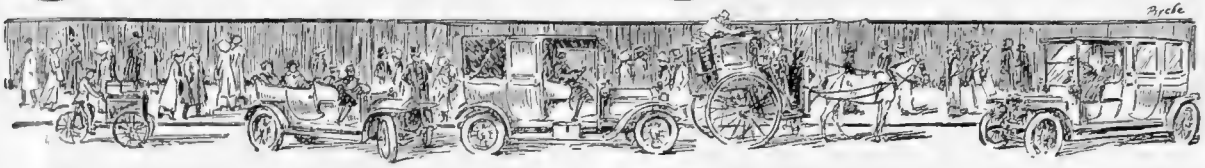

By MRS. JACK MAY

ALTHOUGH allotted a singularly thin part, Miss Olive May by sheer talent commands a due share of attention in the new play at the Gaiety. And it is as she is gowned in the second act, where her one opportunity occurs, that we have pictured her. The dress she wears is of the palest blue chiffon, the skirt embroidered in silver, and parting at one side to show a clinging petticoat of tender pink chiffon, stitched with cobwebby lace. There is no mistaking the pannier suggestion in the side draperies, while the quaint little bib-shaped corsage is of blue satin, held up by *bretelles* of silver embroidery over a soft underbodice and sleeves of chiffon, lightly sprinkled over with silver and pale blue beads. Round the waist there is passed a silver cord girdle, the pales pink silk stockings and satin shoes, and an amazing headdress of silver *galon* completes the attire. Ah! no, that is not all. There is the muff of pink *miroir* velvet, trimmed with swansdown, and a large floral posy.

GOWN WORN BY MISS OLIVE MAY
In the second act of "The Sunshine Girl" at the Gaiety Theatre
(SKETCHED BY DOROTHY MILLAR)

Madame Humble, 19, Conduit Street

The other afternoon—a miserably wet afternoon—I chanced by good luck to turn in here, and by further good luck—and I deserved a bit, for I felt almost as miserable as the weather—encountered Mme. Humble after her first visit to Paris. Without being unduly elated, I found her pleasant assurance that things were shaping all right distinctly encouraging.

The tailor-mades she is showing are one and all charming. Among them is a navy silk rep, the coat a veritable Directoire, with lapels of black taffeta and groups of tiny little white buttons, worked over in emerald-green, allied to the ubiquitous mock buttonholes. These were merely ornamental matters, the front of the coat actually closing with three pierced vulcanite buttons. A most original and arresting touch, too, is provided in an embroidered lawn collar that is hand-tucked into shapeliness, and the design very delicately picked out with emerald silk. And with this there went the neatest little blouse-bodice, ornamented with a collar of white *crêpe* chiffon, forming a point at the back, and a line of the same small green-worked buttons down the front.

Quite a feature is made in afternoon toilettes of the back or *tablier* tunic, which merely hints its presence in front. Such a perfectly charming gown is an old gold—with a certain pink tinge—*mousseline* taffeta, the skirt set on to a deep yoke of self-embroidery, and ornamented down centre front with mock loops and buttons of velvet. At the back there falls one of the above-described tunics of *ninon*, over a short, pointed train of taffeta, the fulness drawn into a deep lattice-work fringe. A clear veiling of the *ninon* is carried over a *décolletage* of the silk embroidery, the latter drawn down beneath pale blue ribbon draperies, the ends forming a soft, flat bow in front. In somewhat similar style is a shot-purple taffeta, with tunic of *ninon* in tone, the back of the skirt parting for a short distance in the centre to show three flounces of soft, white lace. The embroidery introduced on this gown is simply beautiful, comprised of silk and small metallic beads toning to the silk.

In evening confections Mme. Humble excels. Her taste is unerring, while no one turns out to finer perfection the difficult Court gown. Thus very briefly

is the gospel of *modes* as expounded by Mme. Humble at this initial stage.

Blouses Galore

During the past week blouses have been absorbing a large share of my attention, my range extending from the simplest *crêpon* shirt to the latest thought in filminess. The latter, by the way, Mrs. Millar has elected to picture. And it will assuredly come as a surprise to many to learn that for once the ubiquitous chiffon and *ninon* are deposed in favour of black net. *Au fond* comes the now inevitable flesh-coloured chiffon lining, over which is laid an ivory net, trimmed with wide insertions of punched lace—a *dentelle* revival that exacts attention, *chères amies*—and over all comes a black net veiling, the edge drawn up on a thread in the most casual fashion at the base of the throat.

But the sleeves, forsooth, are important enough, with their bell-shaped cuffs, weighted with a tassel. I went home and dreamt about that blouse, together with several others.

A NET, CHIFFON, AND LACE BLOUSE WITH THE NEW WIDE SLEEVES

(Sketched by Dorothy Millar)

Messrs. H. J. Nicoll, Regent Street

During the past few months we have been deprived of the accustomed spacious window display at this establishment, the frontage having been carefully boarded up during exhaustive rebuilding operations. The effect of this work is now made apparent, the whole of the front block having been entirely remodelled and rebuilt, and in the short space of five months. A very creditable performance indeed. As also was the capital arrangement of temporarily covered gangways, whereby the business has pursued the even tenour of its course throughout the period of disorganisation.

For the upper part, the contract does not expire until the end of May, but the contractors, Messrs. Holland and Holland, have worked so ably that they are actually three months in advance of the scheduled time. Surely an almost unprecedented feat. This fine establishment of Messrs. H. J. Nicoll, when completed, will form the central feature of the whole block between Glasshouse Street and Regent Place.

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La-rola is delicate and fragrant, it is quite greaseless, and is extremely pleasant to use.

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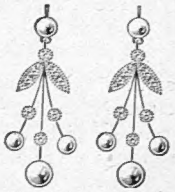

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is the best aid to the Health and Beauty of the Skin.

Matchless for the Complexion

The Menu : Some Fish Dishes Suitable for Lent

Plaice à l'Italienne
Lobster Cutlets
Sole à l'Indienne
A Fish Purée
A Steamed Fish Pudding
Fresh Herrings with Tartare Sauce

Plaice à l'Italienne

Cover the bottom of a fireproof dish with some boiled rice well moistened with white sauce. Lay the fillets of plaice on this with a seasoning of pepper and salt. Put another layer of rice on the top with plenty of sauce poured over it. Sprinkle with grated cheese, and bake in a moderate oven. Tomato sauce can be used instead of white sauce if preferred.

Lobster Cutlets

One small lobster (or one tin of lobster), 1oz. of butter, quarter of a pint of milk, 1oz. of flour, juice of half a lemon, salt, pepper, cayenne, one tablespoonful of cream. Chop the lobster very fine. Cook the flour and butter (without discolouring) in a saucepan, add the milk, and stir until it boils. To this add the lobster, lemon-juice, cream, and seasoning. Mix thoroughly. Spread on a greased plate, and cut into eight triangular pieces, forming them into cutlets. Egg and breadcrumb them, and fry a golden brown.

Sole à l'Indienne

Fry the soles in the usual way (lemon soles or fillets of plaice will answer equally well). The Indienne Sauce is made of melted butter mixed with pickles and the liquor of the piccalilli. Pour this round the fish, and garnish with chopped gherkins and capers.

A Fish Purée

Take a small fresh haddock, wash it and cut off the head, tail, and fins, skin and fillet it, place the head, bones, etc., in a stewpan with two quarts of water, one tablespoonful of oatmeal, a bunch of parsley, pepper, and salt. Boil gently for one hour, stirring occasionally, then pass through a sieve, remove all bones from the saucepan, and replace the stock, with a piece of butter the size of a walnut. Stir until the butter is melted, then add the fillets of haddock, boil until the fish is cooked (about ten minutes), and then pass soup and fish through a hair-sieve. Reheat and serve with bread cut into dice and fried. Whiting, plaice, or lemon sole may be used in place of haddock.

A Steamed Fish Pudding

Boil and mash four good-sized potatoes. Shred finely ½lb. of cold fish (cod, haddock, or hake), add 1oz. of butter, and mix well with the potatoes and half a gill of milk. Beat up an egg and stir in. Put the mixture into a greased basin or mould, steam for one hour, turn out, and serve very hot with cheese sauce made as follows: Melt 1oz. of butter, and blend with it 1oz. of flour, stir in half a pint of milk, stir the sauce till it boils, then add 1oz. of grated cheese, a little salt and white pepper, stir well till it is thick and creamy, and pour over and round the fish mould.

Fresh Herrings with Tartare Sauce

Fillet three or four herrings, and place them for some hours in a pie-dish with one spoonful of oil, the same of vinegar, pepper, and salt, an onion cut into slices, and sprigs of parsley. Turn the herrings once. When ready to cook roll them in breadcrumbs, broil them, and serve with Tartare Sauce.

EMILIA

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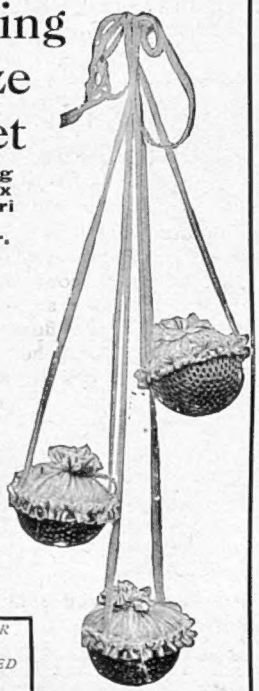
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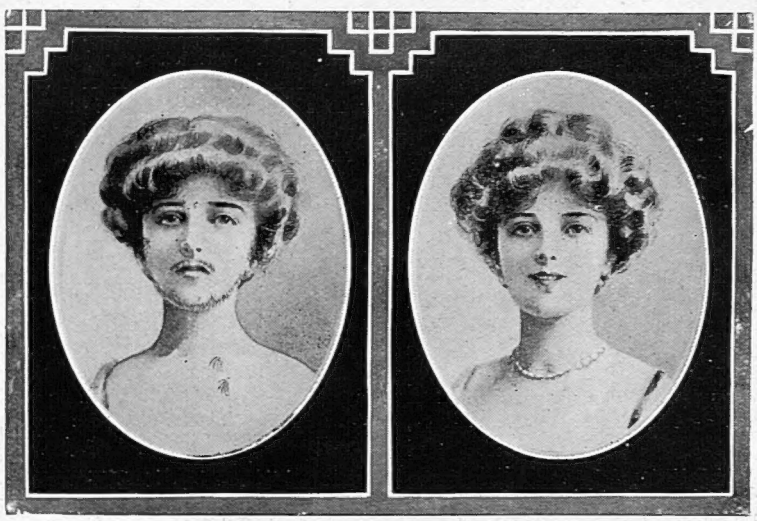
KATHRYN B. FIRMIN, the famous Parisian Beauty, has at last perfected a Simple, Safe, and Harmless Home Treatment, that will Surely and Permanently Remove and Destroy all Superfluous Hair without injurious pastes, powders, electricity, or painful apparatus.

This wonderful book, in which she tells her own story, giving full particulars of her discovery, and information how to Permanently Remove Superfluous Hair, will be given Free to every woman applying for same within ten days.



"A horrible hairy mask ruined my face. For years I was humiliated and ashamed, with a beard like a man."

"Now my superfluous hair has completely disappeared, and my face is soft, fair, and smooth. You can accomplish the same permanent results without trouble or inconvenience of any kind."

The task undertaken by this beautiful Parisian scientist is filling a want among women which has long been too apparent. It is the duty of every person to do some good in this world, and Kathryn B. Firmin is doing even more than her share. She is giving the benefit of her knowledge, experiments, and personal experience so that others afflicted as she was may gain and for ever maintain a hairless face, neck, and arms.

No longer need any woman submit herself to the painful electric needle or other torturing apparatus; the worthless and injurious pastes, powders, and burning liquids can all be cast aside, and no woman need resort to the masculine and disagreeable necessity of shaving herself with a razor. Before making the remarkable discovery which permanently removed her superfluous hair, Kathryn B. Firmin suffered untold agony and numerous disappointments. Her own face and features were nearly ruined by the use of the many worthless preparations recommended to her, but at last Fortune smiled—her labour was rewarded, and the simple method she perfected not only wrought a seeming miracle in her own case, but has produced equally astonishing results for thousands of other women throughout the world.

Madame McLEOD, of Edinburgh, Scotland, says: "All the superfluous hairs from my face and neck have completely disappeared." Mrs. M. H. BREARLEY, of Stone Chair, near Halifax, writes:—"I must write to say that I am very well pleased with the results of the Roman Solvene treatment. I consider the Solvene is all that you represent it to be." Mrs. S. BRADLEY, of Dublin, writes with reference to the Roman Solvene: "I am quite satisfied with the marvellous results it has produced in my case, for my superfluous hair has disappeared, and you will quite understand how pleased I am to be free from that disfigurement." Miss F. BOND, of Forest Hill, writes: "I am writing to say how pleased I am with Roman Solvene. I find it is most successful, and I am writing to say how pleased I am to think that my face is free from that ugly superfluous hair."

Her discovery has been proclaimed as the most wonderful, simple, and efficacious ever known to medical science. Yet its use does not require the hand of an expert, and any woman can at all times remove every superfluous hair desired in her own home, by herself, on herself, without pay, publicity, or inconvenience.

Lack of space makes it impossible to fully explain this wonderful new discovery, but Mme. Firmin has written a most interesting treatise giving all necessary information and full particulars regarding the exact process by which she removed her own superfluous hair. Arrangements have been made for distributing a limited number of these treatises, absolutely free, to lady readers of this journal who write for it at once. Simply send the special coupon below to-day, with your name and address, enclosing two penny stamps to help cover cost of postage, and this complete information will be sent you without charge, and places you under no obligation whatever.

SPECIAL FREE COUPON FOR READERS OF "THE BYSTANDER."

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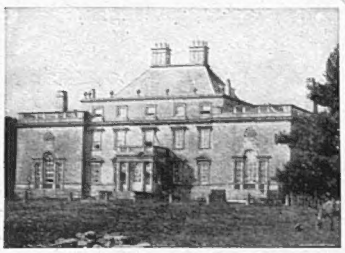
This Special Free Coupon entitles the person whose name appears above to full information in regard to the true means for permanently removing superfluous hair, under plain sealed cover. Cut out this Coupon to-day (or write and mention No. 412 S), and send with your name and address, enclosing two penny stamps to help cover cost of postage, to KATHRYN B. FIRMIN (Dept. 412 S), 85, Great Portland Street, London, W.

The Editor's Box

On Illumination

A dignified, calm existence, far from the busy haunts of men, is the dream which many thousands would not hesitate to realise but for the drawbacks of the antiquated lighting and heating arrangements offered by most country seats or old-world homes. Many people are not aware of the enormous strides made in the past few years in electric generating sets, which are now of a simplicity and excellence in working that must be seen to be believed. Messrs. Tredegar and Co., of 56, Victoria Street, Westminster, whose systems are in satisfactory use in many of the most famous residences in the country, have a particularly effective plant, which can be installed in the oldest houses with perfect safety, and will provide light and heat for the house and power to work laundry, stable, and other domestic machinery. Again, for those who prefer a gas illuminant they have equally effective acetylene and petrol air gas sets which are also inexpensive to instal. The working of any of these systems is simple in the extreme, and as this firm sends a competent engineer to instruct the gardener or coachman in the management of the engine, there is no fear of a breakdown through lack of proper knowledge and attention.



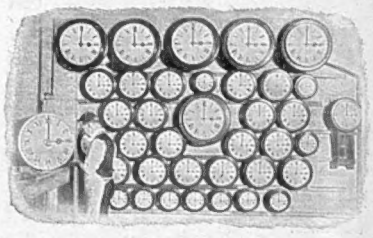
Culverthorpe Hall, Rauceby, where Messrs. Tredegar and Co. have just completed an installation on their Surface Wiring System

Another Record

On April 10 next the *Titanic*, owned by the White Star Line, and the largest vessel in the world, will sail on her maiden voyage from Southampton to New York. The vessel will carry the enormous number of 12,000 pint bottles of Bass for the use of passengers on the voyage. This is another record for the firm of Burton brewers.

Uniformity of Time

To those of our readers who are, as yet, unacquainted with electric clocks on the "G. B. Bowell" system, and who in consequence almost expect a different time to be shown by every clock on their premises, the appended illustration should prove of particular interest. This picture shows an installation of clocks for the use of H.M. Home Office on test at the factory of the Silent Electric Clock Company at 192, Goswell Road, E.C. Every clock shows the time kept by the "master clock," which, in this particular instance, is provided with a specially large dial, and the consequent perfect uniformity of time throughout such an installation is an enormous boon in either public or private buildings. There is no winding necessary in any part of the system, and the dial mechanisms contain none of the old-fashioned noisy and rapidly wearing "click and ratchet" arrangements which, twenty years ago, were thought to be inseparable from electric clocks. Intending purchasers of electric clocks would do well to write for full particulars from the Silent Electric Clock Company.



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2/6 worth of **PLASMON COCOA** will do you as much good as **25/-** worth of **ANY PURE COCOA** at the same price.

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